

No. 737



THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

THE GRAPHIC, JAN. 12, 1884

THE GEOGRAPHIC

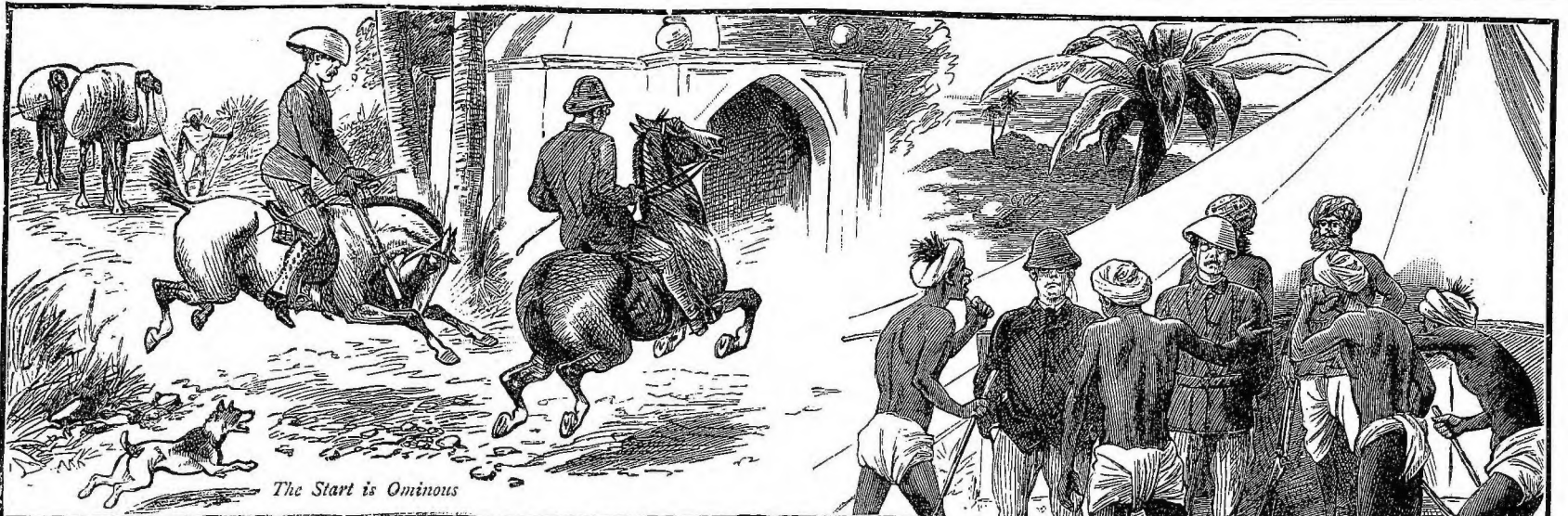
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

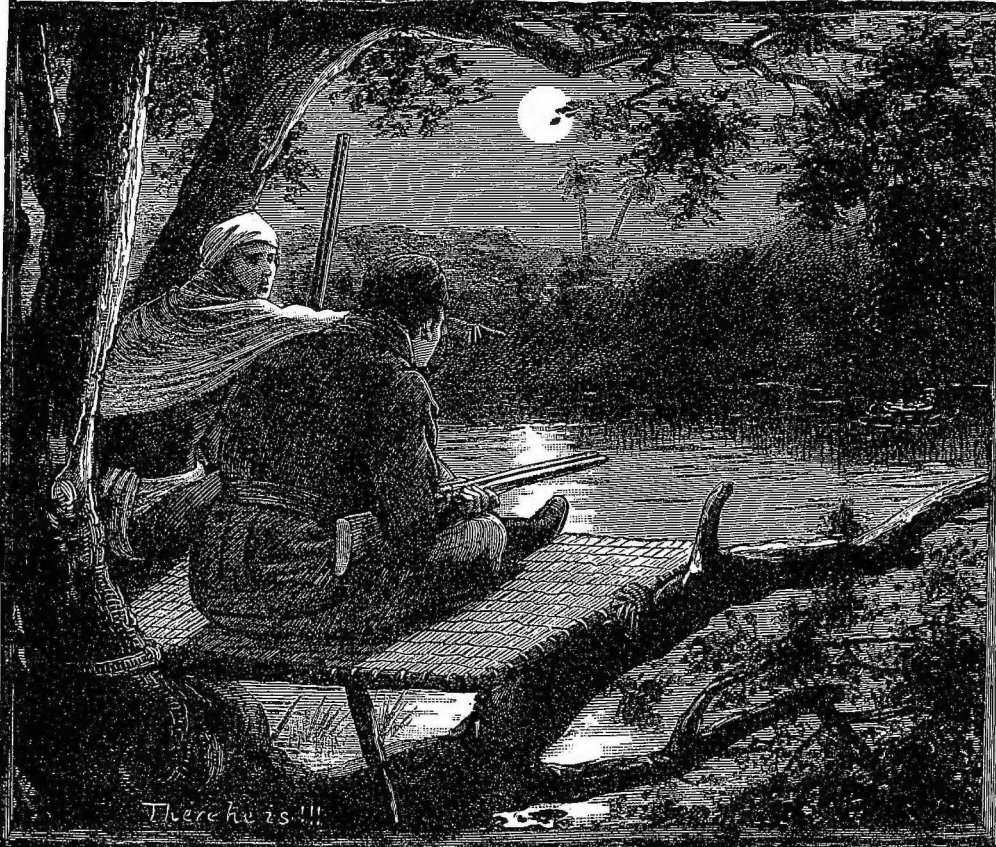
SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



The Start is Ominous

The Sportsmen Receive Trustworthy Intelligence



There he is!!!



Morning Reveals the Game to be a Dead Cow



The Owner Demands and Receives a Heavy Indemnity

THE MAN-EATING TIGER OF JUNGLEPOOR

Topics of the Week

MR. GEORGE'S THEORIES.—"How small, of all that human hearts endure, That part which laws or kings can cause or cure." Each year as we grow older, the truth of Goldsmith's familiar lines becomes more apparent to us. It is a man's own conduct, and, in a less degree, that of the persons with whom he is chiefly brought in contact, which makes or mars his fortunes. Bad laws, misgovernment, war, nay, even civil war, weigh as nothing by comparison. But there always are (and always will be) a number of unsuccessful people in the world, capable of reading books and thinking with a certain degree of intelligence, who are loth to admit that their failure in life is due to the errors and follies of themselves or of their neighbours. Such persons persuade themselves that the faulty structure of Society is the cause of their ill-success, and they would fain amend it or overturn it. To minds imbued with such sentiments, a book like Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty" discloses an apparently attainable earthly paradise. This treatise is written with plausibility, if not with ability; the style is attractive; and the doctrines put forth proclaim the discovery of a Royal Road to comfort and competency. The most interesting part of the work is that which treats of the nationalisation of the land. The scheme is daringly simple. Mr. George proposes to confiscate—not the land, but the rent which the owners derive from their land. This reasonable reform would, he says, "extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, elevate morals, and carry civilisation to yet nobler heights." But why stop at the landowners? Political economists have gradually begun to perceive the fallacy of the doctrine that land differs intrinsically from other earthly possessions. Regarded as property, there is really no difference between a piece of land, the house which stands upon it, the wheat grown upon it, or the coat on the man's back made from the wool of the sheep which grazed upon it. The power of producing these various objects is in actual fact neither more nor less limited than is the land from which they sprang. Logically, therefore, Mr. George's scheme results in pure Communism. Theoretically, we have no prejudice against Communism, but it has been practically tried, and has not answered. It needs an ideal set of men and women. Nor is our opinion of Mr. George as a reformer of the human race raised by the shallow clap-trap which he uttered on the platform at Euston. "By whom are these grand houses tenanted? By working men? No. By men who do nothing to produce that which they enjoy." We venture to assert that many of the dwellers in these "grand houses" (Mr. Gladstone, for example, or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain) toil a good deal harder than some of the "working-men" who cheered this rhetorical rubbish. In his revolutionary campaign Mr. George is worthily "Siamesed" with Mr. Davitt. We wish, by the way, that the latter gentleman would explain what he means by the "abolition of landlordism." If he merely means the expropriation of a body of persons differing, for the most part, in creed and lineage from the mass of the Irish people, we can comprehend, though we may not approve. But, as he holds that landlordism in England and Scotland is equally abominable, he must mean much more than this, and therefore, as we have shown, is logically a Communist. If so, he will not commend himself to his countrymen, for there are no people in the world fonder of a bit of private property (and small blame to them for it) than are the Irish peasantry.

EGYPT.—It has been suggested that England ought to take advantage of the present confusion in Egypt to abandon that country at once and for ever. Oddly enough, this advice is given by persons who claim to be dominated by highly philanthropic motives. Yet they must be aware that if their counsel were adopted it would lead to utter anarchy—anarchy from which the Egyptians could hope to be delivered only by the intervention of some other Power, which would certainly not be more disinterested or more humane than England. Fortunately there is no indication that the Government propose to try so strange an experiment; and it may even be hoped that they intend to act more energetically on behalf of the Egyptian people than they have hitherto done. All the world now sees how foolish it is to suppose that the system of Government in Egypt can be recognised unless the supremacy of England is decisively asserted. Sherif Pasha and his colleagues had no reason to complain that they were unduly interfered with; and the consequence of what we must call their rule is that the state of the country is very much worse than it was in the time of Arabi. Some politicians contend that the new Ministry should have been composed in part of Englishmen; but there were many objections to this plan, and all that England wishes to accomplish can be accomplished without it. Nubar Pasha knows something of English institutions, and has always maintained that order and progress can be secured in Egypt only with the aid of Great Britain. The Khédive, too, has proved that he is friendly to us, and that he is willing to incur temporary unpopularity among his subjects by submitting to our guidance. We have much, therefore, in our favour; and there can be no doubt that if Mr. Gladstone is resolved to

do justice to Egypt, he can succeed in his purpose without doing anything that would necessarily or logically end in annexation. With regard to the Soudan he has acted firmly; he will have the approval of the vast majority of his countrymen if he manifests the same energy in the treatment of those problems of domestic policy which Nubar Pasha hopes, with English help, to solve.

WINTERING ABROAD.—A delighted hotel-keeper in the Riviera has been publishing statistics to show how an increasing number of English people betake themselves yearly to the South of France for the winter. There are so many rich families in this country that absenteeism of this kind may not do much harm, though we fancy we have heard in the counties complaints concerning millionaires who desert ancestral halls to go and winter in French lodgings, on the plea of having weak lungs. This climatic argument is often a mere pretext, for the winters of the South are no more to be depended upon than those of the North—rain, pouring not cats and dogs, perhaps, but kittens and puppies, day after day for weeks being no better for the bronchial tubes than the atmospheric variations in these parts. But people go to the towns on the Mediterranean because they find the life there extremely pleasant. In their own land the English are shy, divided into sets and sects, and governed by despotical conventionalities; but the Briton abroad is the most gregarious of beings. He is neither fastidious about his company nor difficult about his amusements, and he seems to derive the most enjoyment from those recreations which somehow he thinks are not respectable at home. To sit under the awning of a casino in the morning listening to good music, to dine at restaurants, to spend the evening at a theatre laughing at French farces, to valse at the casino balls with no matter whom, to organise carnival masquerades, *bals costumés*, picnics, and, above all, to dress according to his comfort—these are the delights in which he passes the season from December to May, and which he prefers to the decorous dulness of life in the shires, and to the much over-rated pleasures of club-life in London. Let us hope, however, that our countrymen who thus disport themselves abroad will some day get educated to the reflection that a little diffusion all round of that good-fellowship which now we only begin to display when the Straits of Dover have been crossed might make our own English ways of living merrier than they are.

SOME RECENT MURDERS.—It may be because every occurrence nowadays is more fully reported, but it seems as if there were a great many more murders than there were, say, thirty years ago. However this may be, it is curious to note that only a small percentage of these horrifying incidents are interesting to the general public. Mere barbarity and brutality (unless of a very exceptional kind, as when a tramp massacred a whole family at Denham) do not excite much interest. It will always be found, when public attention is greatly aroused, that the incidents of the case are of a dramatic quality, or that the presumable murderer cannot be caught, or that he remains undiscovered. The interest of several recent murders centres chiefly in their quality of apparent undiscoverableness. In the Wolverhampton outrage no one has yet been arrested. In the Westminster case a similar failure of justice exists, and these are just the sort of crimes, committed by persons who were probably strangers to their victims, which are so difficult to trace. The Westminster case, by the way, shows the risk of circumstantial evidence. Had it been shown that Harris had previously illused or threatened the woman who was killed, the stains on his clothes might have hanged him. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the Stoke Newington murder, both because of the superior social position of the victim, and because, as far as can be seen, his fate might have overtaken any one out of the thousands of men whom business or pleasure keeps abroad late at night. At present, this case is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. It is not perfectly certain either that his assailants intended to kill this unfortunate young fellow, or that plunder was really the object of the attack; all that is certain is that he diverged from the straight road on his way home. Persons who are out late in lonely suburbs should bear this fact in mind.

NATIVE TRIBES AND THE TRANSVAAL.—Lord Derby has been rather less compliant to the Transvaal Delegates than most people anticipated. The two chiefs, Mankoroane and Montsioa, who stood by us in the late war, and who do not wish to be subject to the South African Republic, he has steadily befriended; and in his reply to the latest Note of the Delegates he has indicated boundaries with which our native allies would probably be satisfied. Whether the Delegates will accept the terms offered by Lord Derby we have as yet no means of determining, and it is to be feared that, even if they profess to be content, Mankoroane and Montsioa and their tribes will not be much benefited in the end by what is being done for them. The Boers are a pushing people, not over scrupulous, and in these remote regions they will have innumerable opportunities of promoting their interests after their own fashion, without attracting much attention. If it were known that in the last resort England would fight rather than permit the natives to be wronged, even the Boers would see the necessity of limiting their ambition. This, however, is not at all certain. On the contrary, it is almost certain that nothing will ever

induce this country to go to war with the Transvaal again, and the fact is perfectly well understood in Pretoria. Whatever new agreements may be concluded, therefore, we may be sure that sooner or later the Boers will have their way. They will not openly defy us, perhaps; but that will be unnecessary. All they have to do is to go to work quietly, encroaching on their neighbours' rights step by step, and doing it in such a manner that the Government of the Republic will not be directly compromised. Each change will seem slight at the time, but we may suddenly discover that our Dutch friends have grasped at the substance of what they now demand, while we have been carefully protecting the shadow.

ENGLISH PRISONS.—Sir William Harcourt would have done better to compliment the Prison Commissioners privately than to bestow enthusiastic public praises on them for the management of their gaols. When a Home Secretary declares that a system is admirably worked, and when he magnificently snubs all critics of the same as "ignorant and irresponsible," we know that we have not much improvement to expect in that system for the present. Mr. Tallack, however, writing in the name of the Howard Association, has pointed out that there is a great deal to condemn in the methods by which the warders and assistant warders are selected and trained for their duties. Great firmness, patience, tact, and integrity, with some kind-heartedness, are required for the making of a good prison warder; but men are continually being appointed to the custody of prisoners without having their fitness proved in any way. Again, it seems that the Prison Administration discourage the visiting of prisoners by persons willing to devote themselves to such merciful work. This we can understand. Anything that interferes with the routine of a prison vexes the authorities, who like to regard their charges as numerals rather than as human beings; and there have no doubt been cases in which the visits of injudicious persons have done criminals more harm than good. Some information on this point may be got from a book published some years ago, "Memorials of Millbank," by Major Griffiths, in which the beginnings and blunders of the penitentiary system are described. But Mr. Tallack only advocates visits by judicious missionaries of both sexes, properly trained and qualified by their characters to talk to prisoners; and from work of this description nothing but good could result. Indeed, there can be no serious chance of improving prisoners unless a large measure of voluntary assistance is given to gaol chaplains.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WINTER WEATHER.—We grumble at the sunlessness and foggy by which our winters are usually characterised, but should we really like to exchange them for the winters of the northern portion of the United States which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the sea? In England, about once in seven years, the thermometer for a single night goes down to the neighbourhood of zero, and the newspapers for a week afterwards are full of letters treating of the wonderful occurrence. What a fuss, too, we made over the snowstorm of January, 1881, which a Massachusetts journalist would deem a very ordinary visitation, deserving, perhaps, of a six-line paragraph. Altogether, we need not envy the Americans their bright winter sunshine. Their cold waves are surely worse than our fogs. Forty-eight degrees below zero, a respectable temperature even for an Arctic winter, was the other day registered in the North-West, in the same latitude as Paris. Even at Charleston, which lies on the same parallel as Alexandria, there were twenty degrees of frost. Then, during these spells of bitter weather, the heating apparatus, a luxury which has become almost a necessity in American houses, is made to do its utmost. Fires, therefore, are most frequent just when no water can be got wherewith to put them out. The terrible disaster at an Illinois convent school was doubtless proximately due to the severe frost. Finally, a few words on a meteorological point. We have several times lately heard people say: "We shall presently get this sharp weather from America over here." This is most improbable. Very likely we shall get some frost before the winter is over, but it will not come from America. It will come from the East. The north-west winds which bring such bitter cold to the Atlantic States have had all their icy sting taken out of them by their three thousand miles journey across a comparatively warm ocean before they reach us. Hence the advantage of living on the west coast of a continent, because, in the temperate zone, westerly winds prevail for some three-fourths of the year. We ask pardon of meteorologists for stating these elementary facts; but, judging from our own experience, there are a good many well-dressed people who are delightfully ignorant of them.

FAMILY RECORDS.—Facts connected with "heredity," to which Mr. Galton has devoted so much attention, have excited the interest of many persons who do not often take the trouble to master even popular science. The subject is very fascinating, and it is one about which everybody has constant opportunities of making curious observations. Unfortunately—or fortunately (?)—it suggests a host of questions to which we are still unable to give satisfactory answers. We can all see that even little tricks of manner are often inherited; but, on the other hand, it is equally obvious that the qualities of parents do not always pass to their children. The sons of men of genius are by no mean

invariably persons of exceptional intellectual power; beautiful women have been known to have plain daughters; and the greatest rascal in the world, whoever he may be, may have sprung from a long line of philanthropists. Occasionally a physical or mental peculiarity will seem to vanish, and then reappear after two or three generations; and one may inherit certain outward characteristics without the passion or tendency of which they were the expression in some remote forefather. The phenomena, although extremely complicated, must be regulated, like all other phenomena, by laws; and we cannot tell how important it may be for mankind that these laws should be discovered. They can be found out, of course, only by patient investigation; and Mr. Galton has hit upon a good plan for the collection of many different kinds of facts relating to his favourite subject. He offers prizes, ranging from 5*l.* to 50*l.* (500*l.* in all), for what he calls "records of family faculties," the records to be composed of notices of the compilers' ancestors. The preparation of such documents will probably be an agreeable occupation to a large number of men and women; and the writers will always have the satisfaction of hoping, whether they get prizes or not, that their work may be a useful contribution to a singularly attractive study. To aid in the tabulation of particulars Mr. Galton has prepared two books, "The Record of Family Faculties" and "The Life History Album" (Macmillan and Co.), with printed headings and full directions for filling in the blank spaces.

AN INFORMATION OFFICE.—In a recent Bankruptcy case a tradesman complained that he had been ruined through dealings with a bogus firm on the Continent. These speculators had sent him letters, with fine engraved headings, stating that their house of business had been established seventy years; and he had trusted them with goods to a large amount. Asked why he had not made inquiries, he answered, "Where was I to inquire?" It is by no means easy to obtain about foreign countries a kind of information which is generally wanted for commercial purposes. People say, "Go to the Embassy, go to the Consulate," but we know of a case in which a person, wanting for journalistic purposes the date of a diplomatist's appointment, went to one of the Embassies and could not get it. He was received with every courtesy, and with a hearty desire to give him assistance; but the Embassy had no archives, or its archives were unclassified, and not available for immediate reference. It is strange that, in a great commercial country like this, there should be no well-organised Information Office. Our ideal of such a place would be a large house with many rooms, each allotted to a separate country, and these rooms should contain every periodical book of reference, biographical dictionaries, directories, Army and Navy Lists, Ordnance maps, a file or two of newspapers, &c. Of course such an institution could not be self-supporting, even if its frequenters were charged a fee for using it; but the State or the London Municipality might be asked to support it; or, if not, why should not our London merchants, bankers, and tradesmen found the office for their own and common good? The institution would confer many other advantages besides those which we have been able to suggest here.

FRAUDULENT FIRES.—Every now and then some one is prosecuted for wilfully setting fire to his premises with the view of getting the insurance money, but the offence is not such a rare one as criminal calendars would appear to indicate. The officials of insurance associations could, if they pleased, tell a good many curious tales on this subject, but they prefer to keep quiet and pocket their losses, because of the difficulty of procuring evidence to ensure a conviction, and because therefore, if they go into Court, they seem as if they were trying to shirk a just liability. And, when an office gets this sort of character, its business is likely to drop off. The truth is that every year a large number of houses are fraudulently burnt or damaged by fire, but, if the trick is suspicion into such certainty as will ensure punishment. At present, unless human life is lost (which rarely happens in fraudulent cases) there is no official inquiry into fires. In olden days the coroner was empowered to investigate cases of fire as well as cases of violent or mysterious death, but the former branch of his duties has been suffered to become obsolete. It is doubtful whether the ordinary coroners would have the proper leisure to cope with this novel department of business; it would be better probably, especially in a large city like London, to appoint a special officer as "Fire Marshal." A correspondent of the *Times* points out that such an official would on an average have to deal with only about five cases a day; and, if he were a man fitted for his post, he would soon make arson a more dangerous and less paying game than it now is. Will Sir William Harcourt please take note?

REVISION IN FRANCE.—It seems improbable that the proposed revision of the Constitution in France will lead to very extensive changes. The extreme parties, of course, clamour for revolution, but, fortunately for Moderate Republicans, these parties have no positive aims in common. Imperialists, Royalists, Radicals, and Socialists are "mutually exclusive," and can combine only in opposition to the schemes of other politicians. The chances are, therefore, that if a

Constituent Assembly is formed, it will content itself with the programme which has been sketched by M. Ferry. The functions of the Senate will be, as nearly as possible, exactly defined; and it will be deprived of the power of appointing Senators for life. Possibly, too, the *scrutin de liste* will be substituted for the present method of election. There is nothing very alarming about these proposals. The Chamber declined to sanction the establishment of *scrutin de liste* on a former occasion because it was afraid, not without reason, to put new powers in the hands of M. Gambetta, but no French statesman of the present generation is likely to aim at a Dictatorship. As for "Life Senators," their position is generally admitted to be anomalous; and the Senate may be satisfied if it receives the right to appoint a certain number of members who will hold their seats for nine years. The question of the functions of the Senate presents rather more difficulty, but a nation which is nothing if not logical would be well pleased, no doubt, to know definitely where the powers of the Second Chamber begin and where they end. The only doubt suggested by the proposed revision is whether the advantages that may be secured by it will be a sufficient compensation for the excitement with which the subject has been and will be discussed. The Constitution, in its existing form, works fairly well, and, in the absence of any popular demand for change, a prudent statesman would probably have considered it advisable to let well alone.

SALE-ROOMS.—Every man furnishing a house has some bargain to show which he picked up at a sale, so that sale-rooms cannot be altogether such snares as knowing persons affirm. In fact, very good bargains are to be had at sales if people, having time on their hands, can go to the right ones. In the suburbs, for instance, there is little demand for anything but domestic furniture; so that art objects, curiosities, and old books are often knocked down in these localities for next to nothing, because there is nobody among the bidders who appreciates them or wants them. Now almost every middle-class housefull of goods which comes to the hammer contains valuables of some sort, generally relics of better days; wherefore a peripatetic might do worse than take a stroll occasionally on the limits of the postal radius, and try a little unobtrusive bidding in some of the auction rooms. That there is a good deal of rascality in sale-rooms is, however, undeniable. The other day a poor lady complained to a magistrate that she had been induced to buy at a sale a lot of furniture that was absolutely worthless. It turned out that the auctioneer had taken an empty house, filled it with rubbish, and then held a sale, at which his confederates of "the Trade" forced up all the prices, by declaring that the lots were of excellent quality. Of course the magistrate could give the lady no redress. A buyer needs three eyes, while the seller requires only one; and if people will bid at sales without knowing the value of things for which they offer their money, they must be left to make the best of their bargains. Nevertheless, cases like this one are rather hard, and by publishing them newspapers help to make mock auctions less common and successful.



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Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate

Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

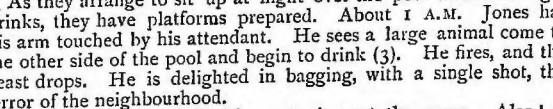
(By Order),

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA

FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing TITLE-PAGE and

INDEX to VOL. XXVIII.



THE MAN-EATING TIGER OF JUNGLEPOOR

A MAN-EATING TIGER has lately been heard of. Jones of the 250th accepts an invitation from Smith of the Civil Service to go out and shoot it. Jones narrowly escapes being kicked off by his mount, and nearly brings Smith also to grief (1).

They reach Junglepoor, and hear good accounts of the monster (2). As they arrange to sit up at night over the pool where the tiger drinks, they have platforms prepared. About 1 A.M. Jones has his arm touched by his attendant. He sees a large animal come to the other side of the pool and begin to drink (3). He fires, and the beast drops. He is delighted in bagging, with a single shot, the terror of the neighbourhood.

At daybreak he and Smith go to inspect the game. Alas! it proves to be a pet cow belonging to the village headman.

Jones is thunderstruck. He and Smith make their way home to the tents just in time to be greeted by the infuriated owner of the cow. They are glad to get off with the payment of a heavy sum as compensation (5).

Having paid away all their available cash, they are obliged to return to head-quarters (6). Jones is a sadder and a wiser man.

Our engravings are from drawings by Mr. F. Field, Edgcott Rectory, Aylesbury, Bucks.

THE NEW FAÇADE OF FLORENCE CATHEDRAL

THE façade of the Duomo, at Florence, which had remained unfinished during centuries, has at last been nearly completed, and on the 5th of December this work was uncovered with great ceremony, in order that the general effect might be seen, and the much-debated point decided, viz., whether the façade should be finished in the "Irispidale" or the "Basilicale" style. The Florentines are pleased with the work as far as it is finished, and certainly the funds, which had been liberally subscribed by Italians and foreigners, have been well administered, considering that the beautiful campanile beside it cost eleven million florins, which now



THE FAÇADE OF THE DUOMO AT FLORENCE, RECENTLY RESTORED

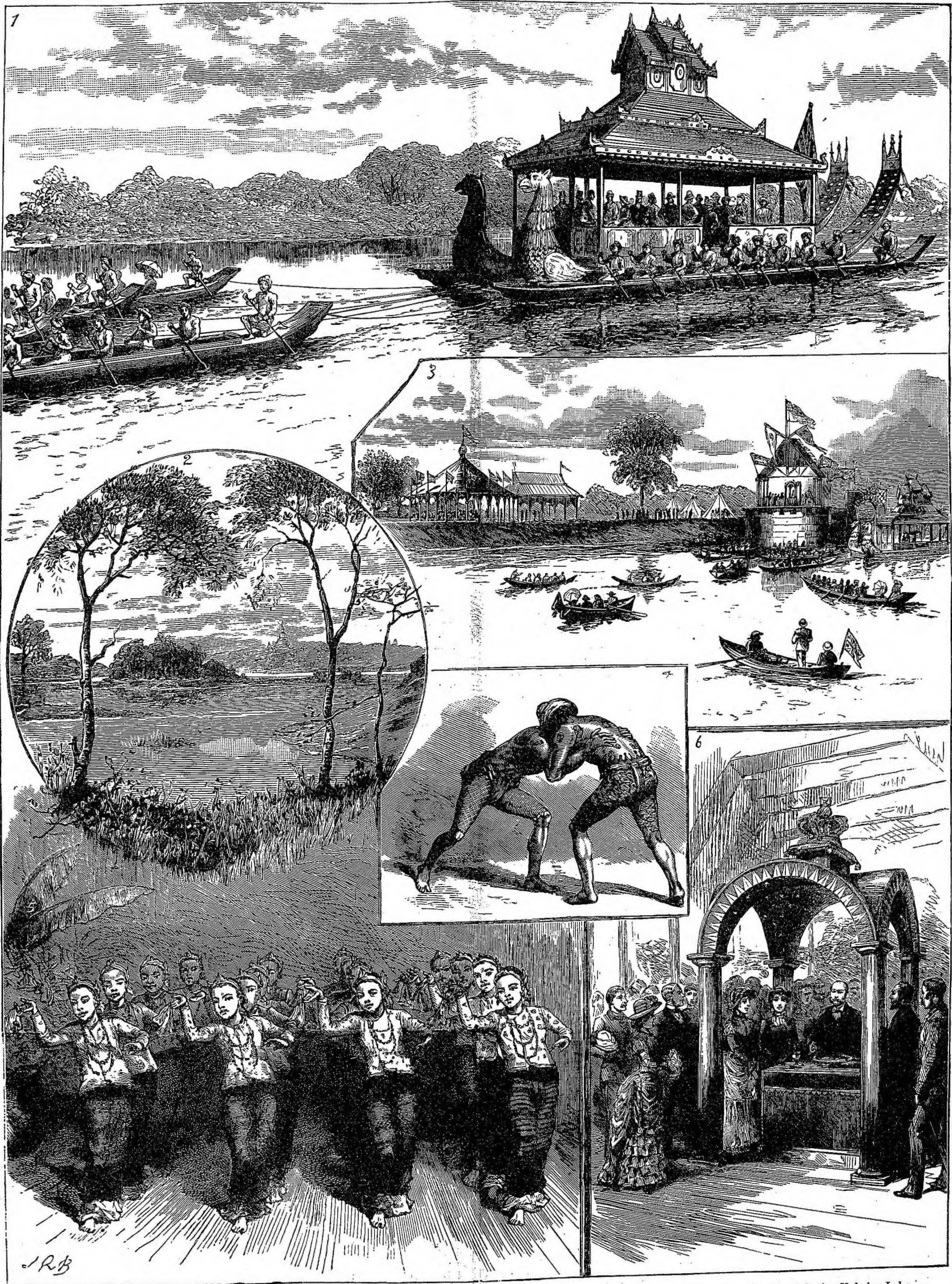


SCENE FROM A TENT-DOOR—RAINY WEATHER



RAINY WEATHER—DIGGING TRENCHES TO CARRY OFF THE WATER

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—TENT LIFE IN SUAKIM
FROM SKETCHES BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE GENDARMÉRIE



J.R.B.

1. The Canopied Raft in which the Chief Commissioner and his Party were Towed Across the Reservoir by Burmese Boats.—2. A View from the Island in the Kokaing Lake.—3. View of the Opening Ceremony from a Boat on the Reservoir.—4. Burmese Wrestlers.—5. The "Yain Pweh," or Aesthetic Dance, Executed by Sixteen Burmese Girls.—6. The Chief Commissioner Opening the Main Valve of the Kokaing Lakes.

OPENING OF THE KOKAING WATER WORKS, RANGOON

is equivalent to 360,000,000 francs (for a gold florin is 33 francs), while the expenses of the façade have not yet reached 700,000 francs. Though this work is creditable, one cannot help regretting the first beautiful façade, designed by Giotto, which was pulled down in 1587 because the architects selected by the Medici to complete the work wished to carry out their own designs.

The old façade, described by Rondinelli, must have been very beautiful, with precious work in marble and porphyry. This, he says, was all broken to pieces. There was not a bit of marble taken out entire, even the columns were broken; and it was a pitiful sight, he says, to see beautiful marble and porphyry, carved with skill, thus broken, while had they been taken down entire they might have served as ornaments for other places. One reason, however, for this destruction, given by Curradi, the sculptor, when he was ordered to make a design, was that the wall of the façade would not have supported the great fabric designed by Giotto.

Two years after this demolition, in 1587, on the marriage of Ferdinando with Cristina di Lorena, in order to cover the bare brick wall, a façade of canvas was painted by Passignano, Poggi, Zuccheri, Naldini, and Pagani. This device had already been employed years before. In 1515, for the reception of Pope Leo X., Andrea del Sarto was ordered to paint woodwork, which was set up in continuation of the unfinished marble façade which was then standing, and Vasari says that the architecture by San Sabino, and the paintings of basso-relievi and statues by Andrea del Sarto, were much admired.

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

THE CAPTURE OF CATTLE NEAR SUAKIM

MAJOR G. D. GILES, of the Egyptian Gendarmérie, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, writes: "On the morning of December 18th a body of 200 cavalry left Suakim to reconnoitre to Hundoob, a place some ten miles off. On reaching the place, the whole plain was found covered with camels, with a few cattle, sheep, and donkeys. These belonged to tribes who call themselves friendly as long as it suits them to do so, but whose friendship has not been sufficiently strong to permit them to bring in supplies when they were urgently required at Suakim. On the appearance of the cavalry some of the enemy attempted to drive off as many camels as they could to the hills. A large number, however, were surrounded by our troops and driven into camp, where my sketch represents their arrival. This capture of cattle will be a considerable surprise to the enemy, as their knowledge of the Egyptian soldier has hitherto led them to expect to find him trudging along through the dangerous bush which covers the plain, with his rifle strapped on to the camel, and perfectly ready to fall a victim to any one who may choose to attack him.

IN CAMP AT SUAKIM

"AN officer of H.M.S. *Coquette* came on shore to have a ride round the town. Before we started it began to rain, and we had to set to and dig trenches round the tent with bits of boxes. Our worldly effects were standing on little islands of their own—intrenched camps one might call them. My last sketch was taken at the door of my tent. The stockade work in the distance was put up by the Gendarmérie for defensive purposes."

OPENING OF THE KOKAING WATER-WORKS AT RANGOON

A NATURAL reservoir has been formed at Kokaing, about five miles from Rangoon, in order to supply the town with water; by means of embankments the rainfall is accumulated, and provision made for a daily allowance of from eighteen to twenty-four gallons per head, for a population of 150,000. The 19th of November last, which was observed as a holiday for the occasion, was fixed for the opening of the Water-works. The ceremonies in connection with it were made as imposing as possible, and a grand dinner, at which about two hundred of the European officials were seated, took place under a canopy erected in the central lake of the Reservoir. For three days various kinds of Burmese amusements were to be witnessed by the side of the Reservoir, notably wrestling, boat-racing, and dancing.

Our sketches are in illustration of some of the scenes at the Kokaing festivities, and are by Mr. Fred. Rencontre, Head Draftsman, No. 2 Survey Party, Rangoon.

A DAY AT THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY

"WHEN listening to the wind howling in the clefts of the mountain at night," writes Mr. R. Omond, Superintendent of the Ben Nevis Observatory, "we think there may be some snowdrift about our doors next morning. The morning, however, surpasses our fondest expectations, for we find the door entirely covered with snow, higher than the lintel—on opening it a blank white wall faces us. Taking heart, we bore a way outwards and upwards, and are rewarded by finding ourselves in a waste world of snow, with nothing showing save our roof and chimney-pot to tell of man or his doings.

"After clearing a path to the door less suited to chimney-sweeps than our first mode of exit, a party is organised to search for windows. Clad in oilskin and mackintosh we defy the weather; and soon sink a series of pits or shafts down to let daylight into the house.

"Besides falling snow the air has been full of drifting particles of hard snow blown by the wind; every projecting corner has a coping of icy crystals pointing towards the way the wind came. The lightning conductor, usually a slender rod, grows into a slab of rough ice a foot broad, and every board, stone, or rope outside bears its crop of crystals pointing with unerring finger to where the enemy has come from. These crystals are a mixture of ice and snow compacted together; they always point to windward, and are blunt at the end.

"When all else is done we march to the edge of the cliff, and send over the 'ashes of our former fires.' Being gusty weather we adopt Alpine precautions.

"After dinner well-earned repose is enjoyed till it is time for the solitary watcher to sally forth and take a night observation; after which he may turn in, trusting that to-morrow may not see all to-day's work undone. The wall of our living-room is 7 ft. 8 in. high, and, together with the roof, is lined with wood. The door in the corner opens into a bedroom, and the glazed door on the left into a small room. Under the clock is an 'A B C' telegraph instrument, the wires from which go down and join the end of the cable near the floor."

AKHA EXPEDITION

THE Akha tribe, against whom a military expedition has recently been despatched, inhabits the portion of the Himalayas lying between the Bhootan and Duffa Hills, distant about thirty-five miles due north of the civil station of Tezporé in Assam. In 1875 the Akhas laid claim to a large extent of territory lying at the foot of the Hills, and prevented the erection of pillars marking out the frontier line between it and the British possessions. In November of that year Colonel Sherer, then Civil Officer of Tezporé, accompanied by an escort of a British officer and fifty rifles of the 42nd Assam Light Infantry, proceeded to the frontier, and there met the chief "Midi." After a conference (at which the chief was distinctly informed that the pillars must be built) "Midi" gave in, and himself, with some of his followers,

attended at the erection of one of the pillars, and duly saluted it. Matters then seemed amicably settled.

The Akhas, however, recently carried off three British subjects as prisoners, and on the Assam Government demanding their surrender, sent back an insolent reply, asking for the surrender of the disputed territory before they would release the prisoners. The expedition now proceeding against them consists of the 43rd Assam Light Infantry, a portion of the 12th Native Infantry, and some Sappers, under the command of Brigadier-General R. Sale-Hill, C.B.

One of our illustrations shows the mountain battery employed against the Akhas. It is one of the five batteries of this kind which form the artillery of the Punjab frontier force. The guns are 7-pounders, weighing 150 lbs.; and each gun, with its gun carriage, is divisible into four pieces, in which way it can easily be carried by either mules or ponies. Every gun is provided with 360 rounds, including double shells, and to each battery there is attached a forge and store department, with all requisites for active service. A battery of six of these guns can take the field at a moment's notice, as it is always maintained at war strength, and with its full complement of thirty-eight mules. Hitherto these batteries, when employed in Assam, have been drawn by elephants; but on the present occasion it is proposed that they should be carried by coolies, who will be better able to penetrate the thick belt of rubber trees which surround the Akha villages. These mountain batteries, which are still worked by natives, have done very efficient service in all the small wars of the Indian frontier during the last twenty years. They first established their reputation, however, in the Abyssinian campaign, when a mountain battery of steel guns, under the command of Colonel Penn, R.A., obtained the nickname of "the steel pens," and rendered useful service during the march on Magdala. Our illustrations show the guns broken up and ready for the march.

The last four engravings are from sketches by Capt. F. Goldney, Bengal Staff Corps; and those of the Mule Battery are from photographs kindly forwarded by Mr. D. C. Boulger.

CUTTING THE BADDELEY TWELFTH CAKE AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

As Twelfth Day this year fell on a Sunday, the interesting ceremony referred to in our title took place on Monday, the 7th inst. Robert Baddeley, as everybody is supposed to know, although some may be glad of the information, was a popular actor of the last century, and the original representative of Moses in the *School for Scandal*. He died in his sixty-first year, in 1794, and bequeathed in his will, among some other curious provisions, the sum of 100*l.*, invested in the Three per Cent. Consols, the interest to be laid out annually on Twelfth Night for cake, with wine and punch, to be presented in the Green Room to the ladies and gentlemen engaged at Drury Lane Theatre. As the large company nowadays employed at Drury Lane need a feast beyond the resources of the sum left by the kindly-natured comedian, it has been the custom of late years for the manager of the theatre to supplement the Baddeley bequest by an ample private contribution. Mr. Augustus Harris has still further expanded the small feast of cake and wine, "in the great Green Room," into a commemorative banquet given on the stage, still preserving the prescribed form of cutting the cake, with the formal toast of "The Memory of Robert Baddeley." On Monday night, as soon as the pantomime was over, some two hundred guests, invited by Mr. Harris, assembled. They were accommodated on the stage, which was set with the famous procession scene of the pantomime, while the humbler employes of the theatre took their places in the stalls. The cutting of the cake was performed by Mr. James Fernandez. The entertainment, which lasted into the small hours, was varied by a few appropriate speeches.

A SNOW-PLOUGH IN CANADA

WE in England know comparatively little of the inconveniences of winter, and although we hear occasionally of a train being snowed up in the North, the occurrence is so rare that it is chronicled in the journals as an instance of unduly severe weather. Across the Atlantic, however, in the northern portion of the United States and in Canada, the winter is so long and severe—that the thermometer marked 48 degrees below zero in Dakota—that the railway authorities have to make great preparations for the safety of their traffic. Not only are bridges roofed over to prevent the accumulation of a mass of snow, which might eventually break down the structure, but large steam-ploughs are constructed, which, propelled by several locomotives, are capable of penetrating and clearing away huge quantities of snow from the line, through which no locomotive unaided could possibly force its way by itself. Many of the locomotives are fitted, in event of emergency, with small snow-ploughs of sheet-iron, sharp-edged, and backed with stout timbers. These, however, frequently prove insufficient, and passengers have to turn out of the carriages to assist in shovelling the snow off the line. The plough in our engraving, however, is a far more serviceable apparatus, and with good steam-power behind it can clear away a great depth of snow off the track.

THE PETROLEUM WELLS OF BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN SEA

ONE of the wonders of modern times is the overflowing abundance of petroleum near Baku, in the Trans-Caucasian provinces of South Russia. It is possibly destined to drive the oil imported from Philadelphia out of the market. It is conveyed by steamer up the Volga, and supplied to every part of Russia. The new railway from Baku to Batum, on the Black Sea is supplied with hundreds of oil tanks, to supply the commerce of Turkey and the Mediterranean. It is contemplated to construct a pipe of the length of five hundred miles, by which a continuous stream of this valuable liquid may be kept in motion from the Caspian to the Black Sea. So impetuous is the discharge that, when a well is opened, for the first four or five days the liquid is thrown up into the air to the height of forty feet, and a photographic view of this phenomenon is presented to our readers. The quality of the oil has been tested by scientific men, and found to be equal, if not to exceed, the quality of any other petroleum wells, but in quantity it appears to exceed the united stock of the whole world, for the wells are found on both sides of the Caspian Sea, and on both sides of the Caucasian range.

The existence of the naphtha flames has been known from time immemorial, and could not escape observation, as at night a lurid light is given out by the fire escaping from the soil, which in case of a high wind develops itself into flames. Moreover some of the jets discharge themselves into the sea, and one of the sights of the place is to go out in a boat, and set the sea on fire, which fact is certified by all late travellers. The origin of the fire worship of the ancient Persians is to be traced back to this spot; one temple still stands as a monument of the old-world religion still clung to by the Parsees in India. Till lately there were devotees, and a kind of priest, at the temple, but they have now disappeared, since their deity has been turned to a commercial use by being drawn up from the bowels of the earth, filled into tanks, discharged into iron pipes, and refined into kerosene for foreign shipment.

Another amazing result of this abundance of petroleum in this out-of-the-way place is that a vast city has sprung up on the Caspian, and that the sea is covered with steamers, not at the expense of the State, but for purely commercial purposes. But a fleet constructed for commerce can be utilised for military purposes

when occasion offers. The Russian Government is able with the supply of oil steamers to transport ten thousand men in one night to Michaelovsk, in the Trans-Caspian provinces, and within a fortnight they would be at Herat, in Afghanistan, before even the tidings of their departure had reached England.—Our engravings are from photographs purchased at Baku in September, 1883, by Mr. Robert Cust, Honorary Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society. He also has written the foregoing description.

"DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, begins on page 41.

MARRIED LIFE IN THE ARMY, OR "TOMMY ATKINS" MARRIED, PAST AND PRESENT

A SOLDIER under the rank of sergeant wishing to marry must have seven years' service, a good character, and not less than 5*l.* in the regimental savings' bank. He must then get his commanding officer's permission, which will be granted if there is a vacancy on the married roll, and if his intended wife's certificate of character, &c., are approved of by the commanding officer. After marriage the wife is taken on the strength of the regiment, and is allowed quarters, fuel, light, bedding, and furniture by Government. She is also entitled to have a share of the company washing, which generally averages, when a regiment is in its full strength, twenty men; each man pays a halfpenny per diem for his washing being done; the amount to be washed weekly for the halfpenny a day is two shirts, two towels, and two pairs of socks, also, occasionally a pair of mitts and a hold-all; other private articles have to be paid for extra. Sergeants do not pay through their accounts for washing, but generally pay from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* to whatever women they may give their washing to for the month. About six per cent. of the rank and file, and about sixty per cent. of the sergeants, and all staff and colour-sergeants are allowed to marry, and will be borne on the strength of the regiment. In India the percentage is increased. Sergeants' wives are not allowed washing in some regiments. The married women and children of each arm of the service stationed in India receive pay at the following rates: each wife 16*s.*, and each child 6*s.* a month, they are also allowed rations, and servants to clean their barracks, fetch water, &c., who are paid by Government. Soldiers' wives and children at all stations abroad receive rations of bread and meat, and in India they receive groceries also. No rations are allowed by the authorities for women and children stationed in the United Kingdom. A married private at a home station receives $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat and 1 lb. of bread daily; he generally draws it every four days, i.e., 3 lbs. meat and 4 lbs. bread; his pay is 1*s.* per diem, with, most likely, the addition of a penny or twopence good conduct pay; this, with his wife's washing money (about 2*s.* a month) is all that he has to keep himself, wife, and three or four children. The barrack furniture he is allowed consists of two iron cots made for one man each, but placed together for married families, two wooden stools, a tin can, a coal box, a mop, brush, fender, poker, and washtub. Bedding—two straw beds sewn together, with four blankets and four sheets of the same description as those issued to the single men. All other articles he has to buy, and sell again on being removed to another station, as he is only allowed one hundredweight of baggage on the march. Soldiers' wives used to be mostly recruited from the domestic servant class—cooks, nurses, housemaids, &c. With the short-service system the number of soldiers' wives has considerably decreased, owing to a six-year man not being eligible for marriage. In India, in 1867, there were 6,050 soldiers' wives, and in 1881, 3,740, showing a decrease of 500 a year, the effect of short service. During the last few years there has been a better class of soldiers' wives, the reason being that nearly all the lately married soldiers are sergeants and staff, who, with the higher rates of pay, &c., than formerly, are better able to support a wife. These non-commissioned officers, who have the chance of a warrant rank and commission before them, naturally look for something higher in the social scale than a domestic servant, the result being that in the soldier's wife of to-day no one would recognise the creature of twenty years ago who, with her husband's old ammunition boots on, and an old coat for a jacket, slaved all day at the washtub.

The following brief descriptions will elucidate the sketches:—"Married family in a corner of barrack-room forty years ago."—There being only accommodation for a few of the non-commissioned rank in separate quarters, the married rank and file had to live in a corner of the men's room, separated by a screen of rugs. "Married women on the march before railways were used by troops."—Women were sent by baggage-waggons. "The Wash-house."—A recruit sent in to get his great-coat starched; he cannot pay his footing, so he is thrown down and deluged with soapsuds for not standing the beer. "Quarters for married families going to India in the old sailing troopship."—A five months' passage, and not very pleasant in the tropics.

"Married families on the march in India."—When not sent by rail they have to provide a native cart (*toper*), which is covered over; this forms their tent, bed, house, and everything during the march, which in old times sometimes lasted three or six months. N.B.—The carts have wooden wheels, which are devoid of grease.

"Off the Strength."—Soldiers' wives married without leave have no claim to be taken on the strength of the regiment, or to receive any allowance from Government. Consequently, on the departure for abroad, they are left behind.

"Life in India."—A soldier's wife's life in India is one of luxury compared to England. She has nothing to do but lie on her back all day, and have what she requires brought to her. Provisions also are cheap. When I was in India meat was 3*d.* a pound, and a whole sheep for 2*s.* 6*d.*

"Before the Colonel."—Soldiers' wives in India and elsewhere, if they commit themselves, are brought before the commanding officer, who, in India, deprives them of pay, turns them off the strength of the regiment, or admonishes them, according to the crime, the evidence being, nine times out of ten, that of the Provost Sergeant.

"The old style of soldier's wife and the new."—"Bring her husband out of the canteen."—"Come out of this, and don't be after spending me washing money!"

"Drawing rations."—Married men or their wives have to attend at the ration stand, where their rations are issued by the Quartermaster Sergeant, superintended by the Quartermaster.

"Modern married quarters."—Every month or so the commanding officers visit the married quarters. He is attended by the regimental Staff connected with the Quartermaster's department. "Haw! Are you crowded here?"

"Medical Inspection."—Before embarking for foreign service, or if any epidemic is about, all women and children belonging to a regiment are medically inspected. No woman or officer's wife is allowed on a troop-ship without a medical certificate signed by the surgeon.

"Married mess on board a modern troop-ship."—Married families all mess together during meals; at night the women and children have to go to their own quarters at 7 P.M.

"In Camp at Cove Common, Aldershot."—Roughing it has to be done by every one.

"Women and children's quarters on a modern troop-ship." The cots are of iron, one above the other, three from ceiling to deck, each person being supplied with a hair bed, pillow, and blankets.

"Widowed. A soldier's funeral."—A soldier's widow abroad is

allowed three months' quarters and rations and a passage home after her husband's death.

Our engravings are from sketches by Colour-Sergeant Thomas Lathom, Sergeant-Instructor, 1st Lincolnshire Volunteers.



AFTER THEIR CONFERENCES last week most of the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone among them, left London, but Lord Granville and Lord Derby have returned to town.

AT THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE HAWARDEN TENANTRY the Premier dealt wholly with agricultural topics, protesting against the notion that landlords and tenants could contract themselves out of the Agricultural Holdings' Act of last Session, and strongly recommending farmers to grow more fruit, especially with a view to the manufacture of jam, and also to produce more poultry and eggs, all of them being at present imported in large quantities.

ADDRESSING A MEETING OF HIS CONSTITUENTS at Hexham, Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., heir to Earl Grey, spoke in favour of county household suffrage, even in Ireland, but insisted strongly on knowing on what plan the new votes were to be given before calling into existence a new electorate. If the rights of minorities were secured in the coming Reform Bill he would accept, but not otherwise, a residential franchise for counties, and the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholder; if those rights were not secured he would object to handing over political power to one class of the community, that of which the members live by manual labour. The rights of minorities could be best secured, he thought, by proportional voting, which would prevent votes from being wasted, and of which he explained the principle and the working. Addressing a Conservative gathering at Loughborough on Wednesday he spoke doubtfully of the contemplated assimilation of the county and borough franchises. He thought that all that was really needed could be effected by an extension of the Parliamentary boundaries of boroughs.

LORD SALISBURY has signified the great pleasure with which he accepts the invitation to become a Vice-President of the Mansion House Central Council for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the London Poor. Local sanitary aid committees are being organised, and some of them have already commenced operations.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P. for Hertford, has consented to become, at the next General Election, Conservative candidate for Manchester along with the sitting Conservative member, Mr. Houldsworth.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING of Commanding Officers of Metropolitan Volunteer Corps, presided over by Lord Ranelagh, it was decided to hold a Volunteer Review on Easter Monday.

THE MARQUIS OF EXETER has accepted the Chairmanship of the Council of the National Fish Culture Association.

THE UTMOST VIGILANCE is being displayed by the authorities of the Midland Railway Company to guard against the outrages threatened on their line. It is patrolled at night, passengers are carefully scrutinised, and the principal express trains are accompanied by special detectives.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF AN ANONYMOUS LETTER containing a threat to blow up the General Post Office at Glasgow, the authorities have taken precautionary measures. In spite of the recent trial, dynamite plots, it is surmised, are being still hatched, and some suspected conspirators are therefore being closely watched.

LORD BRABOURNE presided and spoke at a meeting of the Railway Shareholders' Association, formed to oppose legislative and administrative interference with the management of railways. In a racy speech Sir Edmund Beckett explained the need for such an organisation in spite of the existence of a Railway Companies' Association. Lord Brabourne spoke again at a meeting of railway shareholders in Manchester, which passed resolutions approving of the objects of the new Association.

THE WATER COMPANIES seem disposed to accept the letter of the decision of the House of Lords in favour of Mr. Dobbs, but some of them are issuing queries to be answered by their customers, apparently with the object of making use of the information obtained to raise their charges to the legal maximum allowable under their respective Acts. Meanwhile meetings of consumers are being held, and progress is being made with the establishment of a Water Consumers' Defence League, of the general committee of which Mr. Dobbs is a leading member.—In an address to the Institute of Civil Engineers its President, Sir Joseph Bazalgette, expressed a strong opinion that the charge for water by meter was far fairer to the consumer than by assessment.—The text has been published of a Bill which is to be introduced into Parliament next Session, at the instance of the Corporation of London, and one of the objects of which is to give the consumer, in all cases, instead of as at present in some only, the option of being charged by meter.

THE IRISH LOYALISTS of the United Kingdom having been asked to subscribe to a fund for the erection of a Great Orange Hall in Dublin as a memorial of their indignation at the Irish Executive's dismissal of Lord Rossmore from the Commission of the Peace, at Lord Rossmore's request the project of a memorial has been dropped, and an address of sympathy will be substituted for it.

AT A DEMONSTRATION in his honour at Clonmel on Sunday Michael Davitt, in a violent speech, predicted the abolition of Irish landlordism and the national independence of Ireland. He suggested that miniature Irish Parliaments should be held yearly in Dublin, as a prelude to the meeting of a legally-constituted Irish Legislature.

THE TUNNELLING UNDER THE MERSEY has been making such satisfactory progress that complete subaqueous communication between the two banks of the river will probably be effected next week.

DESCRIBING THE RESULTS of the dredging of the Thames and of excavations for antiquarian purposes in the neighbourhood of Taplow, the Secretary of the Berks Archaeological Society reports among the "finds," what appear to be a series of pit-dwellings, and of human skulls, one supposed to be that of a woman of the reindeer period.

THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MR. HOLLOWAY were interred last week in the churchyard of Sunninghill. It seems that the conception of the two noble institutions which he founded was due to his wife. To her sister he bequeathed absolutely his property, less than a million sterling.

OUR OBITUARY this week includes the death, in her 78th year, of Lady Amelia Rose Jebb, sister of the Earl of Chichester, and widow of Major-General Sir Joshua Jebb, sometime Surveyor-General of Prisons; of Mr. G. W. Merrifield, at the age of 56, successively Principal of the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Senior Examiner in the Education Department of the Privy Council, for a considerable period editor of Longman's "Text-Books of Science;" of the Rev. H. W. Butcher, a zealous Baptist Missionary in Central Africa; of the Rev. George Musgrave, the author, among other works, of several volumes descriptive of rural France; of Mr. W. F. Burton, at the age of 56, the landscape-painter in water-colours, a member of the Society of British Artists; and of the Rev. W. Fiskin, a septuagenarian, for forty years as Presbyterian Minister at Stamfordham, Northumberland.

land. Mr. Fiskin and his brother were simultaneous inventors of the steam-plough, and he was the sole inventor of several useful, though less important, agricultural contrivances.

LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,663 deaths were registered against 1,503 during the previous seven days, a rise of 160, being 236 below the average, and at the rate of 21·6 per 1,000. There were 6 deaths from small-pox, being 19 below the average (an increase of 4), 48 from measles (a decline of 6), 33 from scarlet fever (a fall of 15), 16 from diphtheria (a decrease of 6), 68 from whooping-cough (an increase of 22), 12 from enteric fever (a fall of 9, and 9 below the average), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 2), and not one either from typhus fever or simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 387, an increase of 32, but being 138 below the average. The deaths of no less than 18 women were referred to puerperal fever, the average being 8. Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths; 81 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 29 from fractures and contusions, 15 from burns and scalds, 11 from drowning, and 21 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicides were registered. There were 2,926 births registered against 1,847 the previous week, being 88 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 43·1 deg., and 3·3 deg. above the average. No sunshine was registered.



MISS ADA CAVENDISH has returned to the London stage from which she has too long been absent, and, fortunately for her admirers, has chosen for the occasion what is perhaps her strongest part. It is true that a large proportion of the playgoing public are already familiar with her Mercy Merrick; but her performance in Mr. Wilkie Collins's play of *The New Magdalen* is always worth seeing. The revival took place on Saturday evening upon the re-opening, under the management of Miss Nelly Harris, of the NOVELTY, a handsome and commodious house, which ought to be prosperous, though, as a fact, it has been a scene of almost unbroken disaster since its first opening. Miss Louise Willes is the Grace Roseberry of the occasion; Miss Le Thière the Lady Janet Roy; and Mr. Frank Archer the Julian Gray. Altogether the cast is a strong one; and the performance was followed by the audience with every sign of absorbing interest.

Mr. Toole and his company played on Tuesday before the Prince and Princess of Wales, their family, and guests at Sandringham. The pieces chosen by the Prince himself for the occasion were *Paul Pry* and *Guffin's Elopement*. The entertainments, which were in commemoration of the birthday of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, were given in a spacious building erected to serve the double purpose of a theatre and a ball-room. At the conclusion of the performances "God Save the Queen" was sung by the entire company.

Mr. Pinero's new comedy, entitled *Low Water*, will be produced this evening at the GLOBE Theatre.

Miss Lotta will appear this (Saturday) evening both as Little Nell and the Marchioness in a version of Charles Dickens's story, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, which has been specially prepared by the illustrious novelist's eldest son.

The management of the PRINCESS'S Theatre have invited the entire dramatic profession to a special morning performance of *Claudius*, to be given on Tuesday next. The public will not be admitted.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has concluded arrangements for visiting the United States, at a date, however, not yet fixed. He will make his first appearance in New York in *Claudius*.

Mr. Gilbert's little serious drama, written for Miss Mary Anderson, is to be produced at the LYCEUM on Saturday, the 26th inst. It will be played conjointly with *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*.

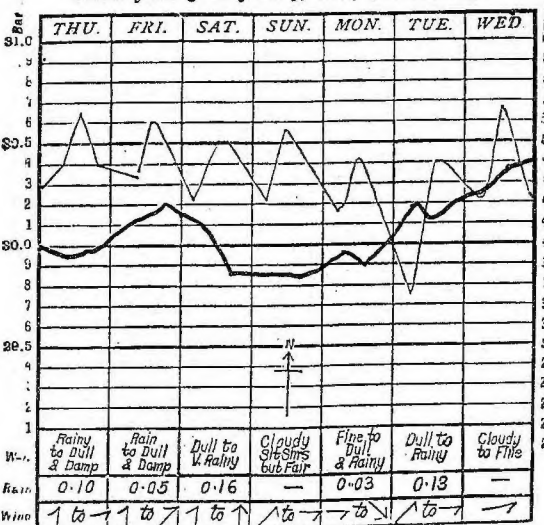
Friday next is fixed for the opening of Mr. Edgar Bruce's new theatre, to be called "THE PRINCE'S," in Coventry Street. The opening piece will be Mr. Gilbert's *Palace of Truth*.

Confusion, at the VAUDEVILLE, has proved a highly successful venture. It will be played for the 200th time on Wednesday next, the 16th inst.

A notice of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida*, produced at the SAVOY on Saturday evening, appears under the head of "Music."

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JAN. 3 TO JAN. 9, 1884 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During this period the weather has been dull and rainy, while the air has been very mild and damp. In the course of the past week a series of depressions have skirted our western and north-western coasts, but have not been of a particularly important character. The weather, however, has been influenced by their near proximity to our islands, and during the time that one of these hung off the west of Ireland light warm winds blew from the southward, veering to the south-west and west as the centre of low pressure prevailed generally in a north-easterly direction. Dull and showery weather prevailed generally, except on Sunday (6th inst.), when some bright intervals occurred, and a little sunshine was recorded—the first in London since December 23rd. Towards the close of the week further depressions appeared off our north-western coasts, the wind backing to more southerly points, and veering again towards the westward under their influence. Temperature has been decidedly high for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30.40 inches) on Wednesday (6th inst.); lowest (29.84 inches) on Sunday (6th inst.); range, 0.56 inch. Temperature was highest (53°) on Thursday (5th inst.); range, 0.56 inch. Total lowest (35°) on Tuesday (8th inst.); range, 18°. Rain fell on five days. Total fall, 0.47 inches. Greatest amount on any one day, 0.16 inches, on Saturday (5th inst.).



THE OLD POLICEMAN'S ALARM-RATTLE has been condemned, and is about to be replaced in London by shrill modern whistles.

THE TOWN OF MONTREUX, in Switzerland, is now entirely lighted by the electric light generated from water-power supplied by the Lake of Geneva.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA has written the libretto of an opera—*Meaga*—to the music of a Swedish composer, and the work will be produced shortly at Stockholm.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE QUEEN'S DIARY is shortly to be published—"More Leaves from a Journal of a Life in the Highlands, from 1862 to 1882." The book is being prepared under the charge of Sir Theodore Martin.

THE TRANSMISSION OF ENERGY.—The Italian Government (the *Electrician* tells us) have decided to award a premium of 400*l.* to any one who shall perfect the most practical and useful system for generating and transmitting electrical energy. This premium is offered in connection with the Turin Exhibition.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE LATE M. GAMBETTA is to be decided on this year, and French artists are invited to send in designs by June 1st, these designs to be exhibited for a fortnight afterwards. No conditions are made as to the style or proportions of the memorial, but the expense must be limited to 14,000*l.*, as the popular subscriptions have not realised the amount expected.

THE "CEYLON" PLEASURE YACHT, belonging to the Ocean Steam Yachting Company, left Southampton on the 3rd inst. on her two months' cruise in the Mediterranean. She intends to call at Nice about the 20th inst. for those passengers who prefer to join at that port. The two months' trip comprises visits to Naples, Palermo, Corfu, Piræus (for Athens), Malta, Gibraltar, &c., returning to Southampton about 4th of March.

A FEMALE PILOT has been doing duty on the Mississippi and other Southern Transatlantic rivers for some time past, but on applying for a regular license has been snubbed by the American Government, who declare that no woman is fit to be a pilot. This decision has roused great ire among the advocates of female labour, particularly as the applicant seems well fitted for her post. She is the wife of an old river captain—now too infirm for duty—and for years has managed a steamer under his directions.

A HERALDIC TWELFTH-CAKE was introduced in Court and aristocratic circles on the *Jour des Rois* last week in Vienna, where the old custom of celebrating Twelfth Night has not fallen into such disuse as in England. The cake consisted of a huge sugar coronet, shaped to illustrate the rank of the master of the house, and resting on a cushion made of *broches*. Royal and princely hosts had a "crown cake," while for lesser dignities the strawberry-leaves and balls, &c., denoting dukes, marquises, counts, &c., were elaborately wrought in different coloured preserved fruits.

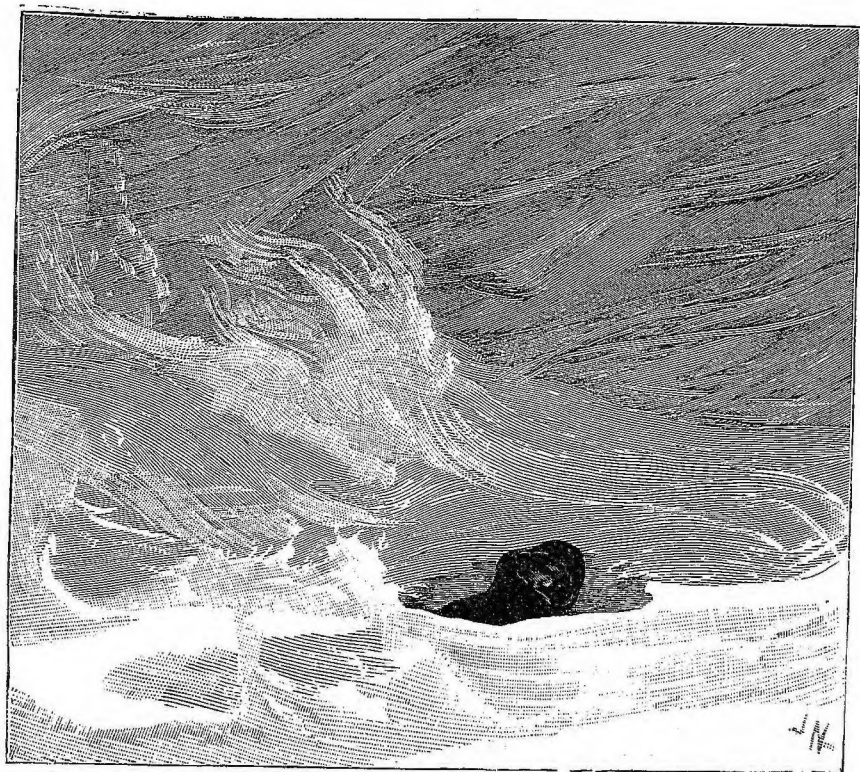
BIRKBECK LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS.—The Winter Term of this very useful Institution began on Monday last. The Evening Classes for both sexes have been arranged with much care, and embrace all subjects which may prove useful to the young men and women who avail themselves of the advantages of this Institution. The new building, the foundation-stone of which was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, will be opened early in the year. It will provide accommodation for 6,000 students. The sum of 6,800*l.* is still required to complete the building. Contributions are earnestly solicited. The bankers are Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths, Lombard Street.

WINTER ASCENTS OF SNOWDON are usually dangerous undertakings, but this year the mountain is almost daily scaled, both from the Llanberis and the Beddgelert sides, owing to the mild season. Such weather cannot be remembered by the oldest experience, and not a vestige of snow can be found on the peak. This high temperature contrasts curiously with the extremely severe cold wave which has lately passed over the United States, and with the unusual cold prevailing in the interior of the invalid's paradise—Madeira. There, although the climate at Funchal was as mild as usual, the mountains have been covered with snow, which lay thickly at high altitudes. Indeed, two men living in the mountains died from the severity of the frost.

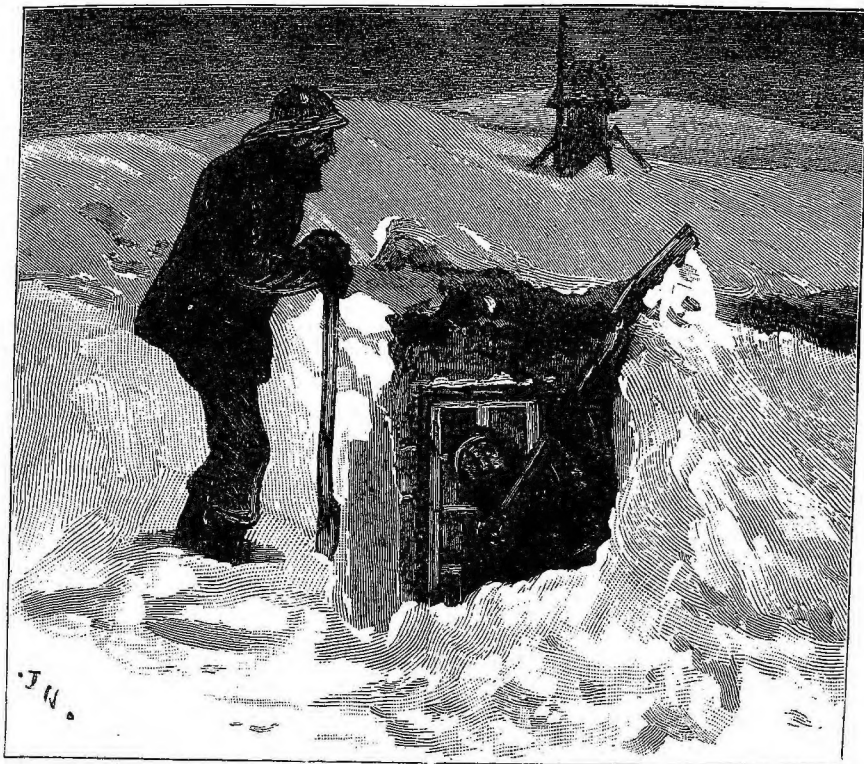
OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE are disappearing, like many other bits of Old London fraught with literary recollections. Soon after Garden Court was built, Goldsmith inhabited a humble set of attics there in company with the butler to the Society; and there, in 1764, he finished his "Traveller"—the first work to which he is said to have put his name. By and by he took better rooms down below, where he composed several poems, and is believed to have resumed practice as a physician. When at last his first play, *The Good-Natured Man*, brought him in some money, Goldsmith, in 1768, bought rooms in Brick Court, where he remained till his death in 1774. One side of Brick Court has lately been rebuilt, and now Garden Court is to be pulled down for the same purpose, so that both Goldsmith's homes will have vanished almost simultaneously.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE LEADER OF THE PARISIAN IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL, Edouard Manet, are now being shown at the Paris École des Beaux-Arts, and form a highly interesting exhibition. The pictures strongly illustrate the varying moods and talent of the artist, such clever and carefully-executed paintings as the well-known "Bon Bock," &c., being side by side with works of the painfully naturalistic style, badly coloured and altogether out of drawing. Manet's works belong distinctly to three periods. In the first he was inspired by the Spanish masters, Velasquez, Goya, &c.; the second included his best and most original work; but, in the third and last, he has branched off into the incoherent style which brought him so much criticism, and made him the founder of a new school. Amongst coming Parisian Fine-Art displays, the most important is a Meissonnier Exhibition in April, where collectors will lend the artist's chief works. M. Meissonnier will also send two statuettes—one of a musketeer, the other of Punch; while he is now painting an elaborate chivalric picture representing Bayard knight Francis I.

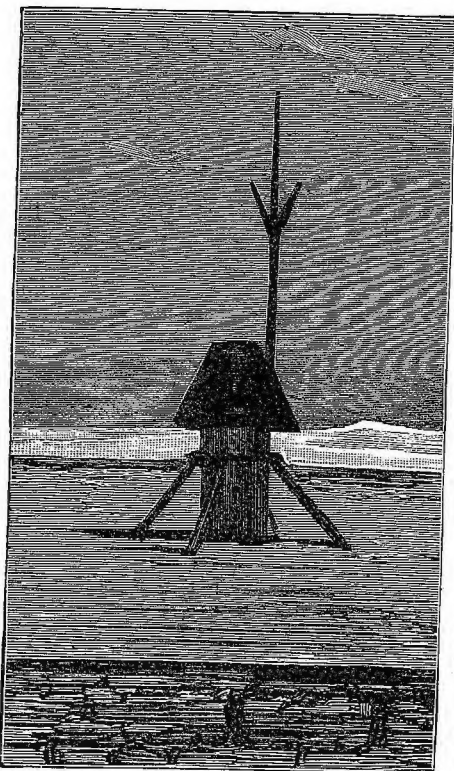
THAT FAMILIAR GALLIC FIGURE, the *chiffonnier*, will find his occupation gone after the 15th inst., when Parisians can no longer throw out their rubbish before their doors, but must empty it every morning into a special receptacle, which will be immediately fetched by the dust-cart. This innovation falls heavily on the large body of *chiffonniers*, who have hitherto reaped a good livelihood from the finds in the street rubbish heaps, which they so industriously picked over every night. There are over 30,000 *chiffonniers* in Paris, the *Figaro* tells us—8,000 formally licensed by the police; 15,000 "vagabonds," i.e., without the police medal; and 10,000 sorts of the rubbish taken home. Each *chiffonnier* has his particular district, and bequeaths it to his son, or other heir. He goes out at 3 A.M., and hunts till seven o'clock, when he takes home his booty, and carefully sorts it, treasuring especially the bones, the rags, and window glass, which is worth much more than bottle glass. Any valuable is generally honestly restored to the owner. Many of the *chiffonniers* live in great comfort, their chief colony being in the Avenue de la Révolte at Clichy.



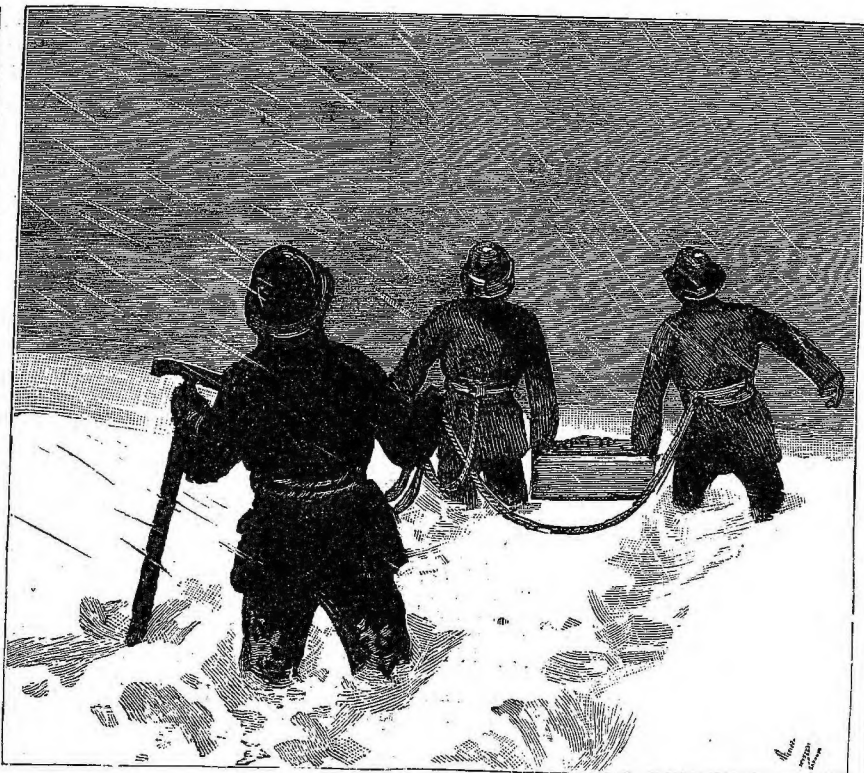
"DAYLIGHT AT LAST, BOYS, AND SNOWING LIKE MAD"



THE FIRST WINDOW CLEARED: "SHALL I GIVE YOU A HAND UP?"



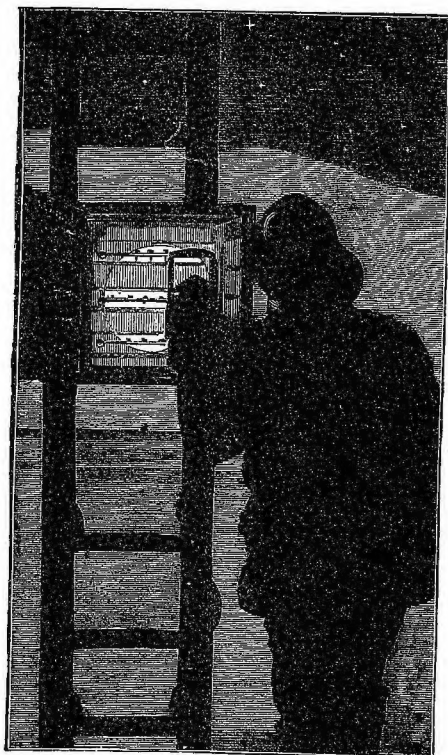
THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS—
BEFORE A SNOWSTORM



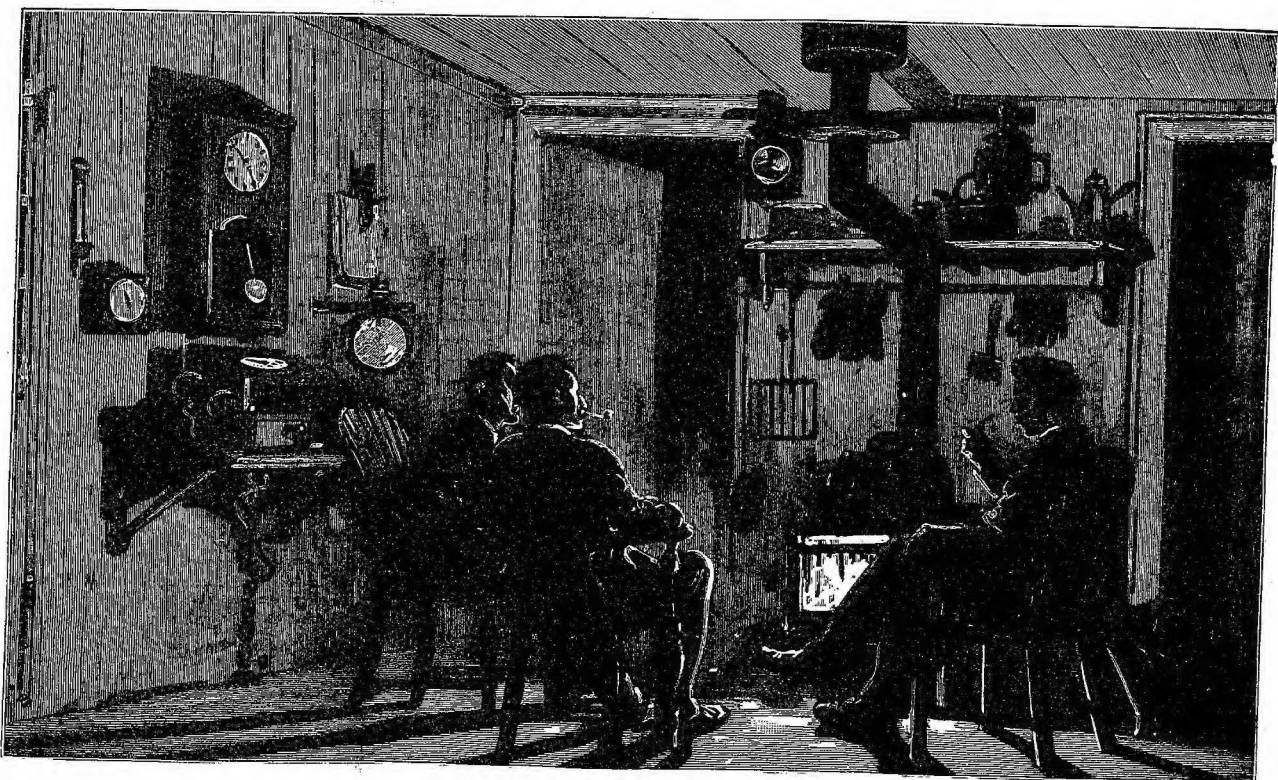
"NOW, THEN; DON'T FALL OVER BOTH AT ONCE."



THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS—
AFTER A SNOWSTORM

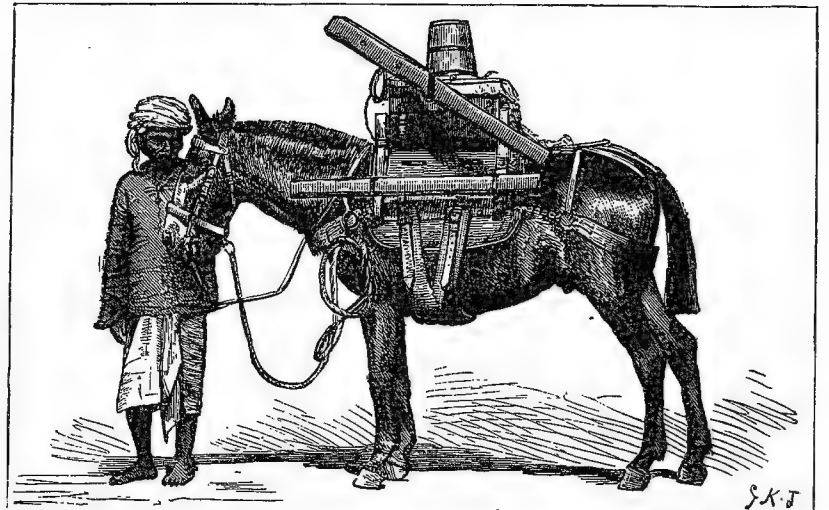
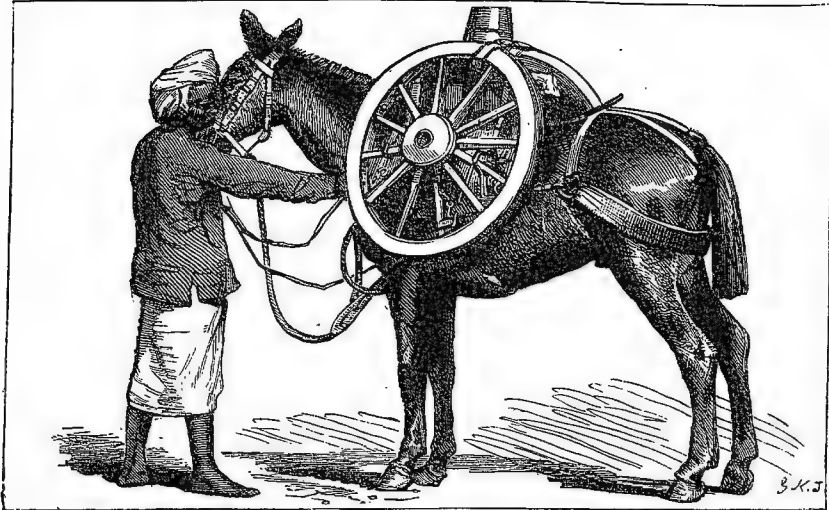
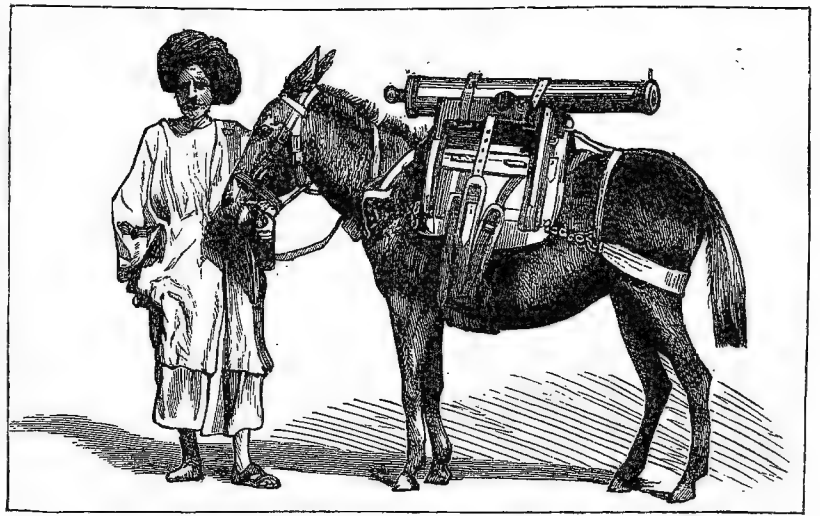
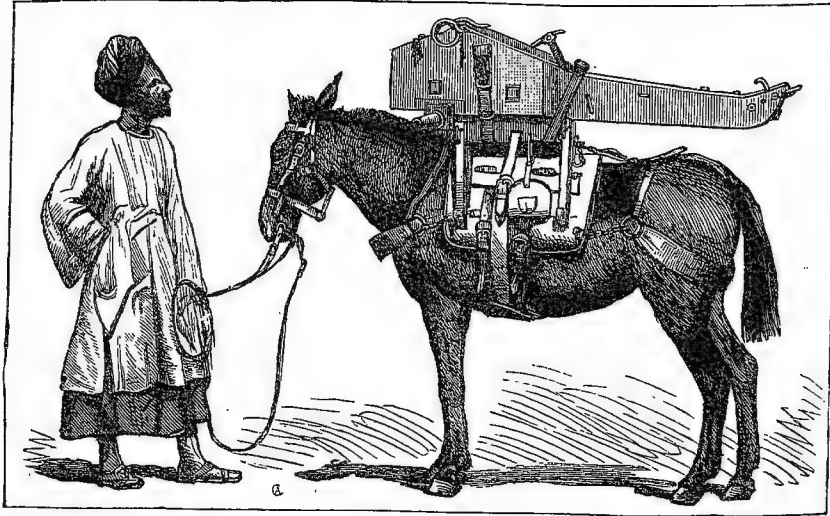


A NIGHT OBSERVATION



THE INTERIOR OF THE OBSERVATORY

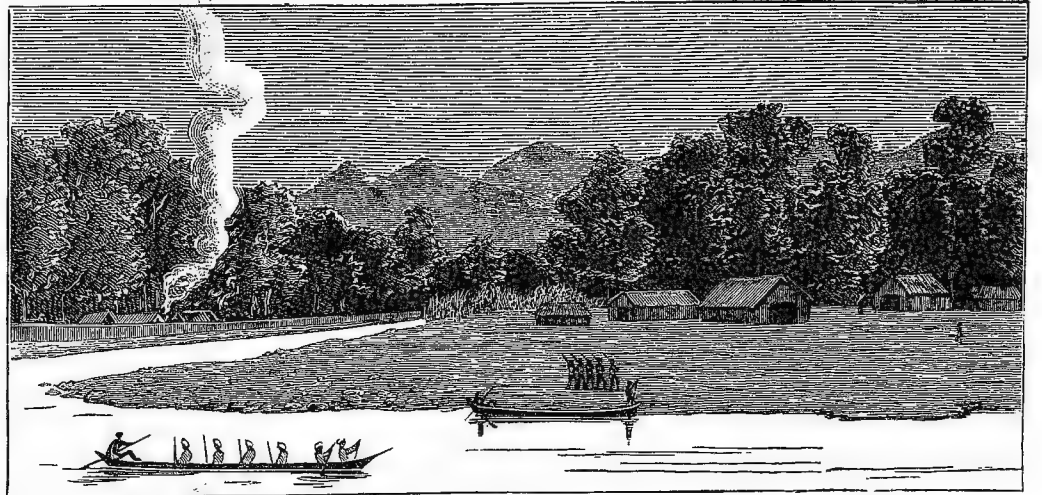
A DAY AT THE OBSERVATORY ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS



A SEVEN-POUNDER GUN FROM A MOUNTAIN BATTERY OF THE PUNJAB FRONTIER FORCE, EMPLOYED IN THE AKHA EXPEDITION
(The Gun is represented divided for convenience of transport)



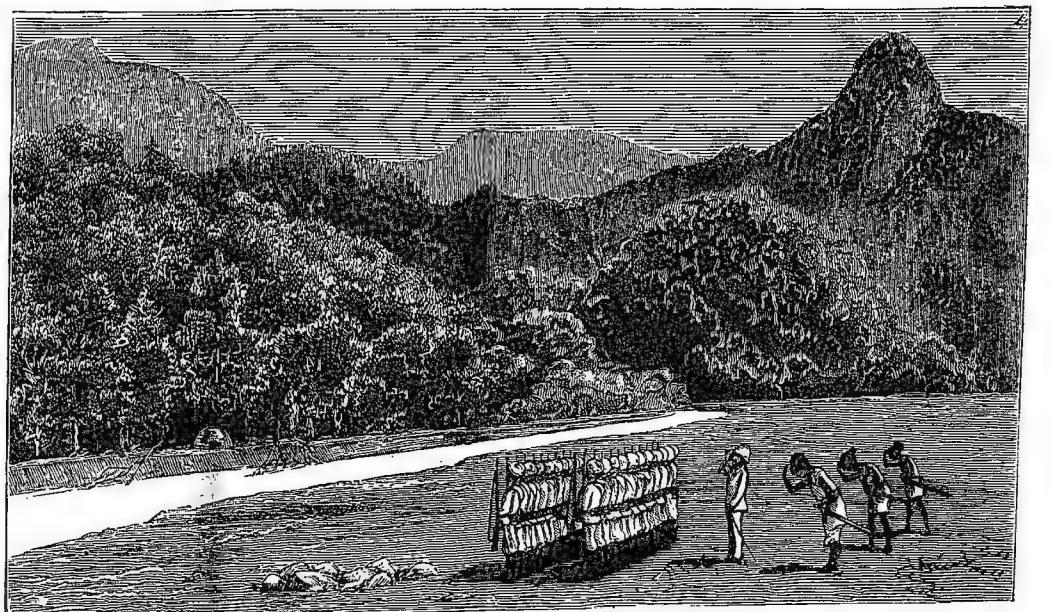
MIDI, CHIEF OF THE AKHA TRIBE



CAMPS ON THE RIVER DEJOO, AKHA FRONTIER



A BOUNDARY PILLAR ON THE AKHA FRONTIER



AKHA CHIEF AND FOLLOWERS, AND ESCORT OF THE FORTY-SECOND ASSAM LIGHT INFANTRY
SALUTING AFTER THE ERECTION OF A DISPUTED BOUNDARY PILLAR

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE AKHA MARAUDERS ON THE FRONTIER OF ASSAM



THE long-looked-for crisis in EGYPT has come this week. The Egyptian Cabinet, on January 2, sent an urgent Note to the British Government, asking for a final decision on the Soudan question, and expressing itself willing to abandon Darfour, Kordofan, and North-Eastern Soudan—the last to be restored to Turkey—but insisting on the necessity of retaining Khartoum. It was stated, however, that the Egyptian Government itself would provide means for the defence of that town. This, however, would naturally have entailed a double line of defence—a main line at Wady Halfa with the troops organised by England, and a second at Khartoum with purely Egyptian forces. To this Sir Evelyn Baring replied on Sunday. He stated that the British Government would not object to a Turkish expedition to Eastern Soudan, provided that Suakim was the starting place, but that all Egyptian troops must retire to the best military frontier, south of Wady Halfa, on the Second Cataract. These troops, if need arose, would be supported by British forces, but Khartoum must be abandoned, so that one strong defensive line should not be endangered by a subsidiary weak defensive frontier. To these terms Sherif Pasha and his colleagues fully refused to consent, although the Khédive expressed his willingness to accept them, and accordingly the whole Cabinet resigned. Some trouble was experienced in finding a Premier willing to take office at such a juncture, but eventually Nubar Pasha, one of the ablest and most enlightened of Egyptian statesmen, undertook to form a Cabinet. Taking the portfolios of Justice and Foreign Affairs himself, he appointed Mustapha Pasha Fehmi Finance Minister, Abd-el-Kader, the late Governor of the Soudan, War Minister; Sabet Pasha, a Turk, and said to be of a conciliatory disposition, Minister of the Interior; and Mahmoud Falaki Pasha (Minister of Public Works under Arabi), Minister of Public Instruction. Mr. Clifford Lloyd is made Under-Secretary of the Interior. Considerable disappointment has been expressed at Nubar Pasha's Ministry, as it had been expected that he would have asked some of the British officials to enter the actual Cabinet.

The Khédive all this time appears to have acted in complete accord with his British advisers, in whom he is stated to place implicit trust. Indeed the *Times* correspondent, to whom he seems of late to have confided his innermost thoughts, makes him out to be an Admirable Crichton of a ruler. Thus he is stated to have declared, "You say that the cession of territory has an ugly sound for Sovereigns. Not for me. I swear to you that I consider my *prestige and amour propre* as nothing beside the necessity of doing what I believe to be best for my country." Not content with territorial reforms also, the Khédive is bent on economy, has announced a reduction of his civil list by ten per cent., an example, however, set by the British officials, and which is "expected" to be imitated by some of the highly-pensioned members of the Khédivial family. The new Ministers, moreover, will have their salaries cut down. With all the Khédivial assistance, however, our difficulties show signs of increasing rather than of diminishing. Intrigue is as rife as ever, and the French are leaving no stone unturned to persuade the Egyptian authorities that France and not England is Egypt's best friend. Thus continual reports are being circulated about Tewfik's intention to abdicate, and a strong movement is being organised in favour of the restoration of Ismail Pasha, which of course would mean the paramount re-establishment of French influence.

From the Soudan itself there is little news. The garrisons of Duem and Kaoui have arrived at Khartoum. They were fired upon on their way, but no casualty occurred. Colonel Coetlogon has telegraphed to the Egyptian Government, asking for permission to evacuate the town, as no reinforcements are forthcoming. "Retreat now," he says, "is possible, but may soon become impracticable." The proposed despatch of a Black force, under Zebehr Pasha, has been abandoned, and Sir Evelyn Wood will shortly preside over a Commission for the purpose of considering measures for evacuating the Soudan. The Mahdi is reported to have arrived at El Ain, on the Blue Nile.

In FRANCE, as we have said, there is a great revival of interest in Egyptian affairs, and the British decision to abandon the Soudan is warmly denounced; such a step is pronounced dangerous, not merely to Egypt, but to "civilisation." Pessimist prophecies of the revival of the slave trade, of the relapse of the people into barbarism, and of every possible evil are freely uttered, and the question is now declared to have assumed an international aspect. The remedy is, of course, a restoration of the Anglo-French *régime*, which, the *Débats* tells us, "with the traditions which it has already created would restore everything to its place; but England has not the perspicacity which might easily pass for generosity to feel this." The fact is that France is now feeling more tranquil with regard to Tonquin, and is looking out for a fresh field for her energy. And yet from a military point of view there remains plenty to be done. Admiral Courbet has abandoned all intention of advancing at present, and has returned to Hanoi, leaving 1,000 men at Sontay, with instructions to make daily reconnaissance. There has been a serious explosion at Hanoi, by which the guns and ammunition of two batteries of artillery have been destroyed. From Hué M. Tricou reports that the new Annamese King has announced his official adhesion to Dr. Harmand's Treaty of August 25th, "relying on the goodwill of France, as regards the modifications which may eventually be made in it." M. Tricou was to be received in audience on January 2nd, and in his despatch praises the skill and courage of M. Champeaux, the French Resident, in the highest terms.

To turn to internal politics in France, the Chambers reopened on Tuesday, but the proceedings were merely formal, M. Brisson being almost unanimously elected President of the Lower House. The Revision Bill still remains the foremost topic, but M. Jules Ferry has qualified his proposal for revising the Senate by privately stating that the revision must be "limited, or none at all." The Senate, he thinks, would be strengthened by having its powers more completely defined, and by the removal of a source of continual conflict with the Lower House, namely, the right to revise the Budget. He also considers that life Senatorships are objectionable. The Bill will probably not be brought forward before Easter, and will be presented in the Senate first. There is little other news of interest. The youth Curien, who recently applied for an interview with M. Jules Ferry with a view of assassinating him, has been tried, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. There is a serious cab strike in Paris, some 2,000 men being "out," and the men are holding numerous meetings to discuss their grievances. The opening of the Chamber has given occasion to the Bishop of Vannes to protest against the law ordering prayers to be made for the Chambers. He declares that such a prayer is "a national protest against blasphemous declamations, serious omissions, and numerous insults, which seem a defiance of Heaven." The Nice Exhibition was opened on Sunday.

In GERMANY another of Prince Bismarck's Socialistic measures has been made public—the insurance of workmen against accident and death. This will compel all labour-givers in the Empire to organise themselves into insurance companies. No State aid will

be given, and employers of labour will have to pay the whole of the premiums on the lives and limbs of their workmen in proportion to the wages paid and to the danger incurred in their employ. All the companies—each of which will include employers of the same nature—are to be under the supervision of an "Imperial Assurance Board," which will practically be a State department. The Emperor, in a New Year's letter to the Berlin Magistrates, has once more repeated his announcement that the peace of Europe is absolutely assured. In a reply to the Town Council, also, he stated that he recognised as one of his missions the task of fostering friendship with Foreign Princes. The death at New York of Dr. Lasker, the well-known member of the Progressist Party, but whose influence has declined since the rupture between Prince Bismarck and that body in 1878, has created comparatively little comment.

From SPAIN come highly pessimist reports. In the debate on the reply to the King's Speech, the Premier, Señor Posada Herrera, made a most energetic speech on the proposed measures of universal suffrage and Constitutional reform. He declared that they had been laid down by the Dynastic Left as the conditions of its support of the Cabinet, and that he was surprised at the opposition they had excited. He then committed the grave error of dragging the King's name into the question by stating that His Majesty had assented to the reforms. The Ministry is growing more and more unpopular, and is expected to be very short-lived, so that the King will have to choose between Señor Canovas del Castillo and the Conservatives, with a reactionary policy, or a Democratic Ministry and a possible revolution. In connection with this it is confidently stated that the Triple Alliance have determined to support King Alfonso and his dynasty on the Throne in the event of any insurrection, though beyond this no interference in Spanish affairs is contemplated. The Council of State, by a majority of one, have advised the rejection of the proposed provisional commercial agreement with England.

In RUSSIA it is becoming more and more evident that the murder of Colonel Sudeikin has seriously perturbed official circles, particularly as he was assassinated by one of his own subordinates, who for years past had successfully hoodwinked his chief. Nihilism, or, at least, all outward manifestation of Socialistic displeasure, had been apparently dormant of late, and people were congratulating themselves that an era of comparative peace had at length been inaugurated. Jablonsky, the supposed murderer, coolly went to Madame Sudeikin after the crime, and informed her of the fact. As he was a trusted confidant, no suspicion attached to him, and, while the lady rushed off to the house, he calmly appropriated all the important papers he could find, and disappeared. The Nihilists have followed up the "execution" with a proclamation against the Czar. Count Tolstoi and several other officials have been also "sentenced to death."

In INDIA there has been another crisis with regard to the Ilbert Bill, and another compromise. In the Council last week, it transpired that persons charged in districts where no jury now existed would be sent to a Sessions Judge—a proceeding which would entail much delay and expense, and, moreover, would bring a heavier punishment on the offender. This would induce defendants to accept a summary decision at once, however unjust it might be. On Tuesday, however, the matter was once more discussed, and after various speeches for and against the measure, it was finally unanimously referred to a Select Committee.—The Calcutta Exhibition continues to be successful.—The Akha Expedition does not appear to be making much progress, as the resistance encountered is greater than had been foreseen. On December 24th, Major Beresford advanced to find the enemy strongly entrenched on the banks of the Tengapani River. His force was not strong enough to cross the river in face of the showers of poisoned arrows. Reinforcements are being pushed forward. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, the well-known Indian theological reformer, who has so ably advocated the abolition of idolatry, and the adoption of a belief in one God, has died, in his forty-seventh year. We published his portrait on the occasion of his visit to England in No. 30 (June 25, 1870).

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from ITALY that the ceremony of transferring the remains of Victor Emmanuel to the new tomb in the Pantheon took place on Saturday with very solemn ceremony. There was a grand national pilgrimage to the tomb on Wednesday.—In AUSTRIA there has been a Cookery Exhibition at Vienna, which has been a tremendous success, the building being crammed to the utmost from morn till night.—TURKEY has been watching events in Egypt with great interest and hope, as the Sultan's secret wish is once more to gain a footing on African soil. Thus there are rumours that intrigues are being carried on between Constantinople and Ceylon.—In the UNITED STATES the great pig-meat question has been the chief legislative topic, and much irritation has been expressed against France and Germany on account of the exclusion of American pork from those countries. Several retaliatory measures have accordingly been proposed. The Roman Catholic Convent at Belleville, Illinois, has been destroyed by fire, and twenty-two of the pupils and five of the sisters have perished.—A severe cold wave has been passing over the United States and CANADA.



THE Queen continues in the Isle of Wight with the Duke and Duchess of Albany and the Princess Beatrice. On Saturday Her Majesty and the Duchess called on Lady Ponsonby, while Canon Boyd Carpenter arrived, and joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, when Canon Boyd Carpenter officiated, the Canon again dining with Her Majesty in the evening. Baron Pawel von Rammigen lunched with the Royal party on Monday, and later Sir A. and Lady Paget and Mr. Childers arrived, Sir H. Ponsonby, Mr. Childers, and General Gardiner dining with the Queen in the evening. Her Majesty gave audience on Tuesday morning to Sir Augustus Paget, who kissed hands on his appointment as Ambassador to Vienna, while Lady Paget was received by the Queen subsequently. Her Majesty will not leave Osborne before the middle of February.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining numerous guests at Sandringham during the past few days, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne joining the party on Saturday. The Prince and his guests have spent their time either shooting over the estate or hunting with the West Norfolk Hounds, while they were also present at a servants' ball given at Sandringham House. On Sunday the Royal party and their visitors attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Duckworth preached. Tuesday was the twentieth birthday of Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince and Princess, and while in London and Windsor bells were rung and salutes fired in honour of the anniversary, the day was kept with extra honours at Sandringham. The West Norfolk Hunt held a special meet at Babingley Bridge, whence the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor followed the hounds, the young Princesses being also present at the meet, while in the evening Mr. J. L. Toole and his company gave a special performance before the Royal Party and a number of

guests in the new ball-room. *Paul Pry* and *Mr. Guffin's Elopement* were the pieces chosen, and the programme was elaborately got up in Old English style. The party broke up on Wednesday, the Prince of Wales going to stay with Lord Hastings at Melton Constable, while Prince Albert Victor returned to Cambridge. Next Tuesday the Prince of Wales visits Mr. Alfred de Rothschild at Halton, near Tring, and on the following Monday accompanies the Princess to stay with Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel.

The Duke of Edinburgh was to leave Gibraltar with the Channel Squadron on Thursday for Port Mahon, Minorca.—Princess Christian on Tuesday afternoon distributed the prizes to the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany will visit the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Eaton Hall on the 23rd inst., while on the 28th they go to Wynyard Park to stay with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. Whilst at Wynyard the Duke will visit Durham on the 30th to attend a special meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Freemasons. He has accepted the office of Worshipful Master of the Royal Clarence Lodge, Clare, Suffolk, and will shortly be installed. The Duke's title of Duke of Clarence is derived from this old town, and he has been an honorary member of the Lodge for two years.—The ex-Empress Eugénie went to Chislehurst on Wednesday, the anniversary of Napoléon III.'s death, to attend the memorial service at St. Mary's. She stayed the previous night with Lord and Lady Sydney at Fognal.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has consented to act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Mansion House Central Council for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the London Poor.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS is this year to be held at Carlisle, under the presidency of the Bishop of the Diocese.

AN APPEAL is made to the British public by a Committee, which includes the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of London, for subscriptions towards the erection of an English church in Copenhagen, which has never had one, though it contains many British residents, and receives many British visitors, among them numbers of sailors. 3,000*l.* have been raised in Copenhagen, and between 6,000*l.* and 7,000*l.* more are needed.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL spoke at a meeting in Bristol, presided over by the Mayor, to promote the restoration of a separate See of Bristol. The meeting pledged itself to raise the 70,000*l.* required, and 12,000*l.* was promised in the room.

PRESIDING at a Church Missionary Society meeting at Bourne-mouth, Lord Cairns said that, though there still remained hundreds of millions who had never heard the sound of the Gospel, the amount of missionary work done during the last fifty years was absolutely wonderful; nothing since the days of the Early Church could in the least compare with it.

THE RESOLUTION PASSED at the recent Liverpool Diocesan Conference, affirming the desirability of keeping churches open, "where practicable," throughout the whole of Sunday, having been forwarded to the Archbishop and Bishops, numerous replies have been received, all of them expressing approval of the carefully-worded recommendation. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Liverpool are among the prelates who have responded in this sense.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR presided and spoke at the first of a series of penny concerts for the people given last Saturday in Exeter Hall, under the auspices of the National Temperance League. It was a mistake, he said, to suppose that the clergy ought to look with anything but sympathy on innocent recreation. He would be glad to see such entertainments multiplied a hundred times, so as to keep young men from the streets and the music halls.

THE REV. L. S. WAINWRIGHT, after having been ten years Curate of St. Peter's, London Docks, has been appointed its Vicar, in succession to Mr. Mackonochie, to whom the Bishop of London has granted a general license to officiate in his Diocese.

CANON MASON is to be transferred from the Diocese of Truro to the important Vicarage of All Hallows, Barking, to which he has been appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from which, as a centre, he is to conduct mission operations in the East End of London.

REPLYING TO MR. BAXTER, M.P., on the ecclesiastical establishments in India, Dr. Haly, late Archdeacon of Calcutta, contends that the duty of the Indian Government to provide religious ministrations cannot be restricted to soldiers, but must include its civil servants, the *employés* on the State railways and elsewhere, the members of the European working class whom the development of the resources of India has brought to the country, and the poor Eurasian population of the large towns. Religious ministrations for all these could not be supplied without Government grants, and Dr. Haly contrasts the small sum thus expended with the three or four millions sterling remitted from the Indian revenue for the maintenance of Hindoo and Mahomedan religious services.

IT IS RUMOURED that the electric light is to be introduced into Westminster Abbey. The arrangements for the erection of the new organ are progressing.

MR. SPURGEON is expected to return to London from Mentone about the 30th inst.

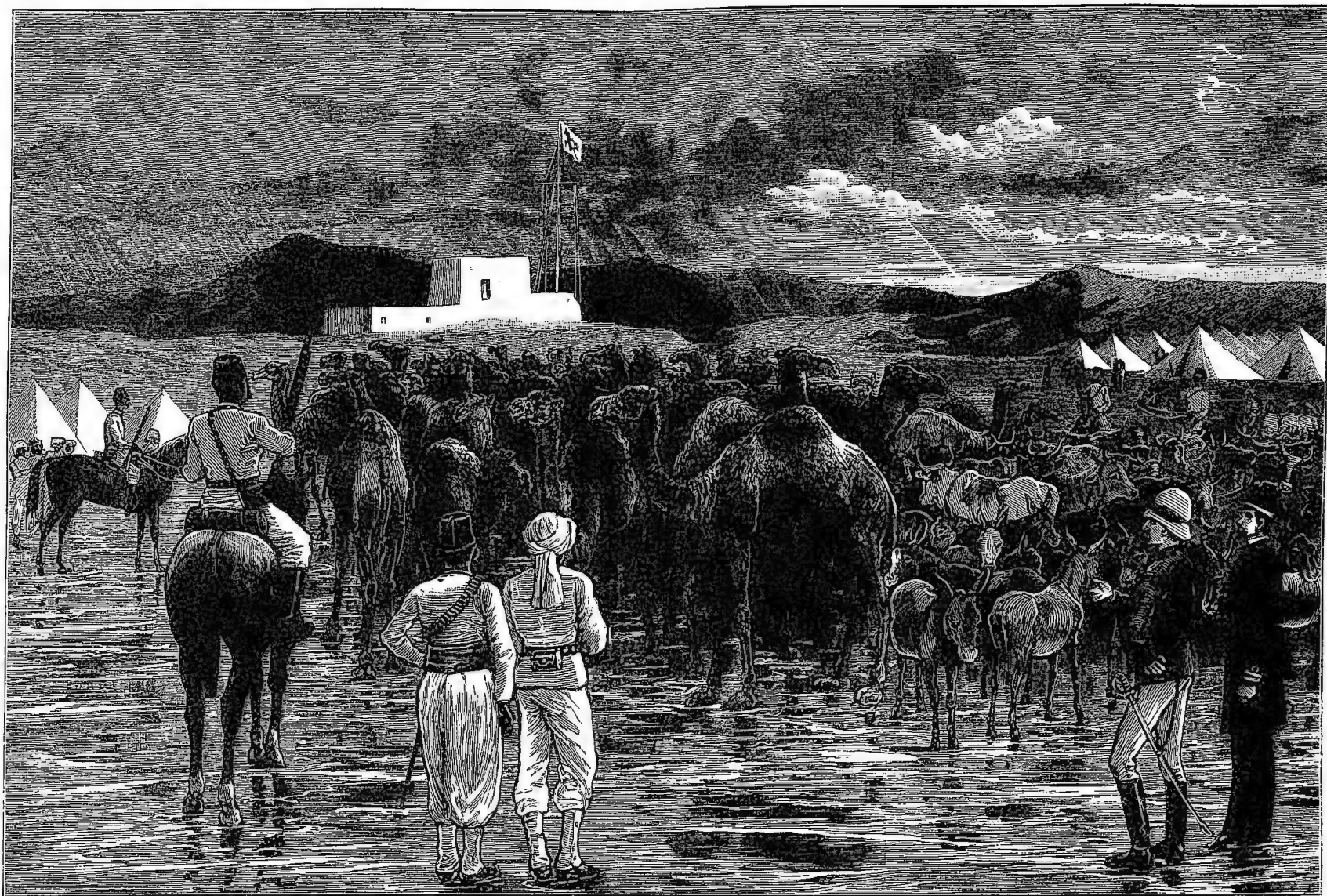
TO WESLEYAN PHILANTHROPY is due the establishment of the Children's Home, by which some 1,300 children have been rescued from the gutter and the gaol. Another branch of this institution—the "Princess Alice Orphanage"—has just been opened at New Oscott, near Birmingham.

ON SUNDAY Messrs. Moody and Sankey commenced a mission on the Surrey side, with every promise of success, at the mid-day service the large building erected for the purpose being completely filled.

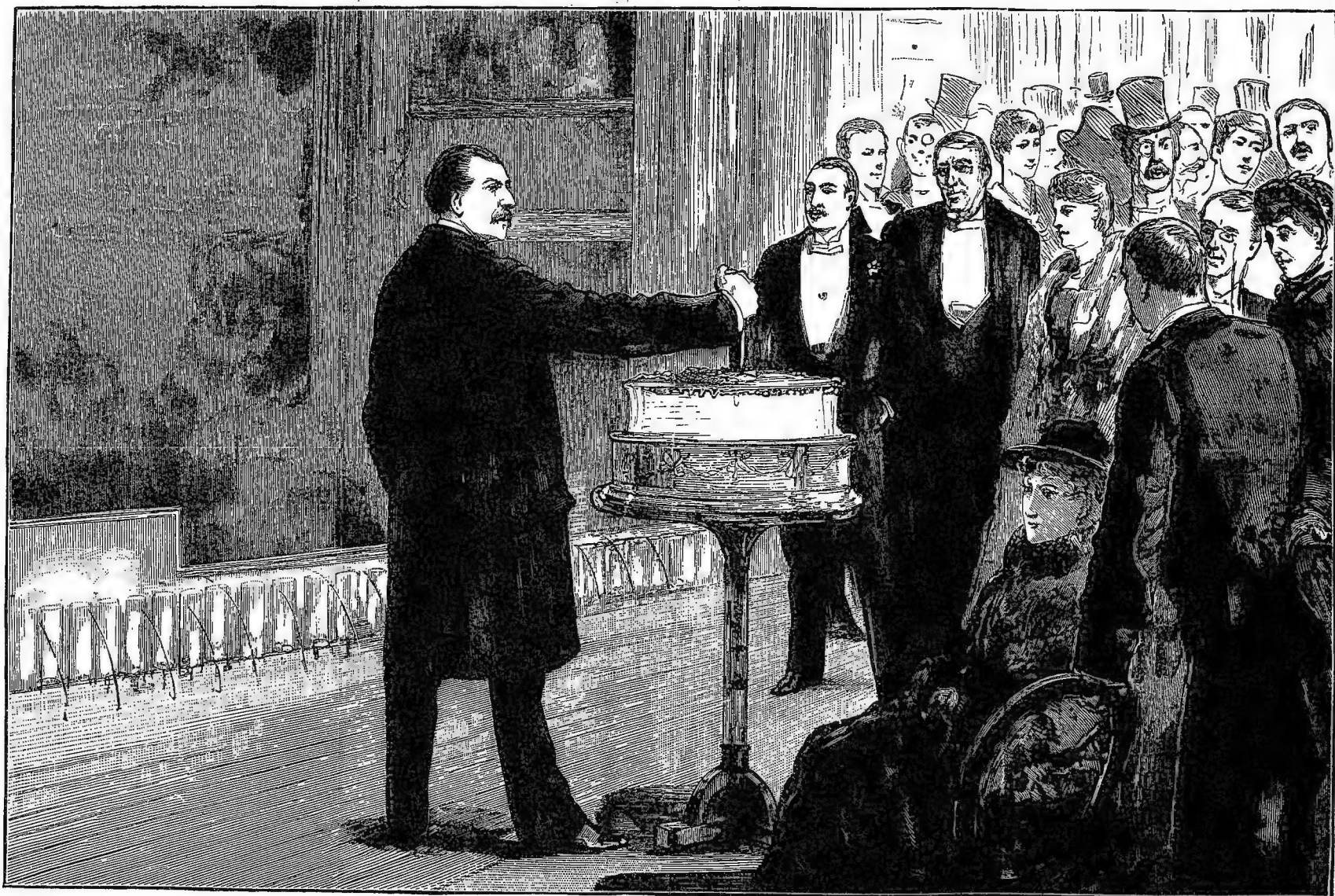


THE SAVOY.—The most recent example of that form of comic opera, which is fairly claimed by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan as their own invention, was introduced at Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre, on Saturday last, with a success which, at least as regards the music, equals that of any one of its precursors. "The Princess" of Alfred Tennyson, a "medley," as the author styles it (yet what a delightful medley!), had passed into a classic before the adventurous hand of Mr. W. S. Gilbert laid hold of it. His "respectful perversion" of the poem was originally produced at the Olympic Theatre in January, 1870. The new work at the Savoy only differs in its nomenclature from the

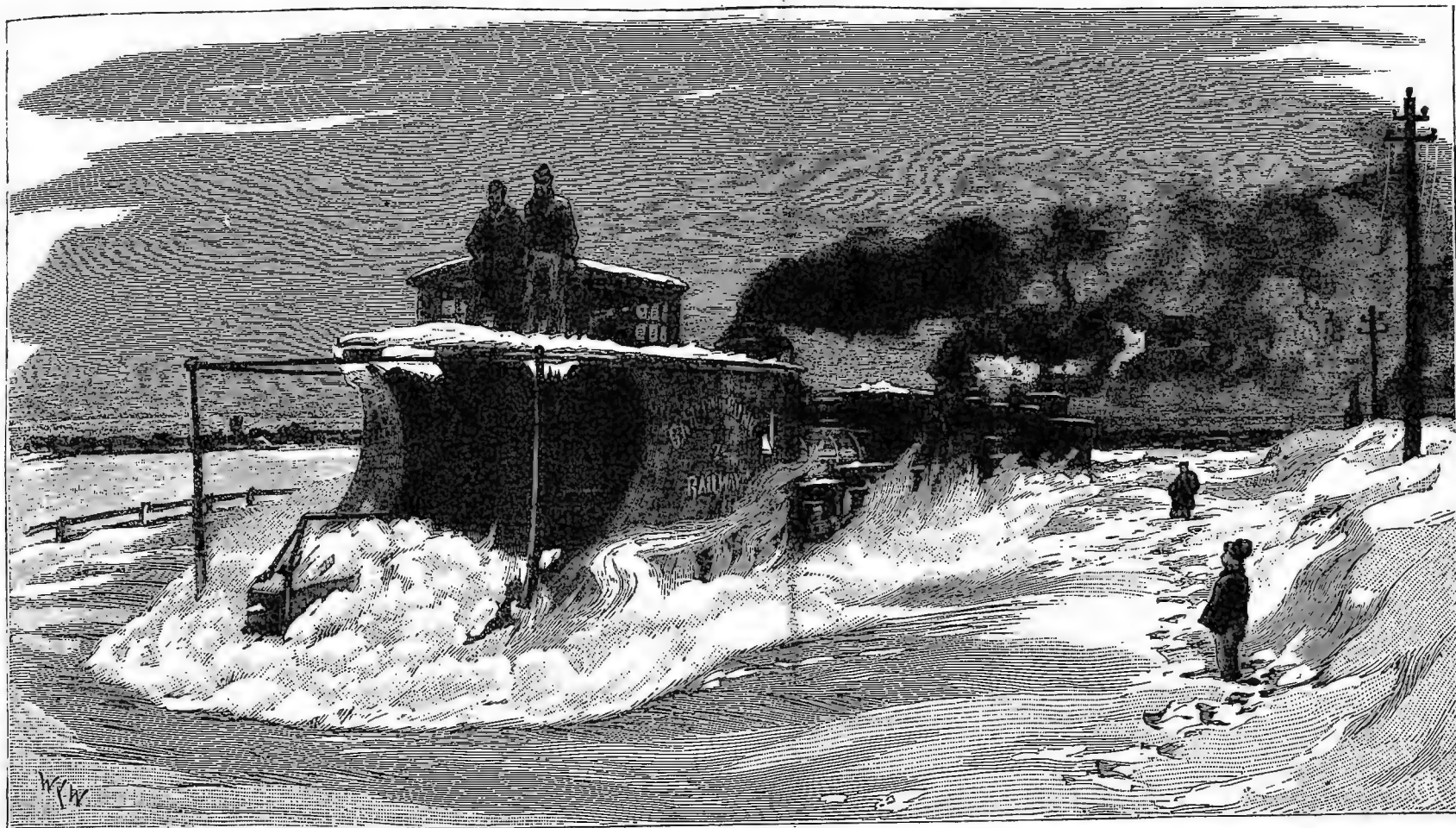
In the *Fortnightly* Lady Greville and "A London Artisan" treat of "Social Reform for the London Poor." Her ladyship tells us to employ our gaols and reformatories by filling our concert rooms and picture galleries; the "Artisan" insists on the immense importance of taking in hand the factory girls—the mothers of the next generation. Now their education ends at school; train them up into intelligent beings, fit to help their husbands to culture.—Sir Lepel Griffin, in "A Visit to Philistia," confessing that the English are not popular in the States, asks why should they be, "seeing they are almost the most disagreeable race extant?" In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Religion, a Retrospect and Prospect," Mr. Magniac on "M. de Lesseps's Pretensions," Sir R. A. Cross on "The Homes of the Poor," and Sir H. Parkes on "Our Growing Australian Empire," make up a more



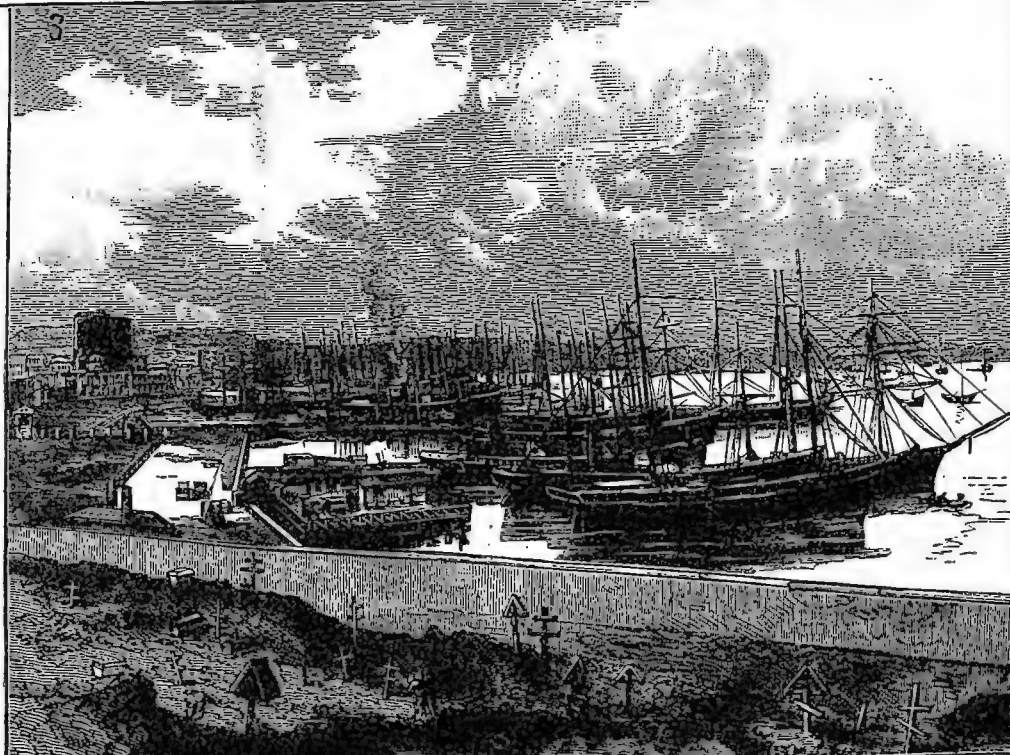
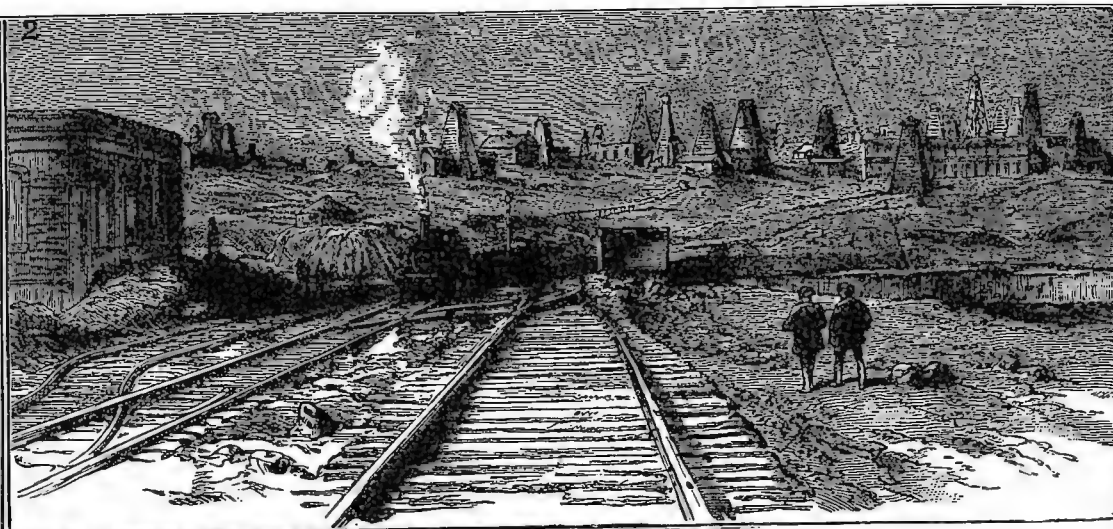
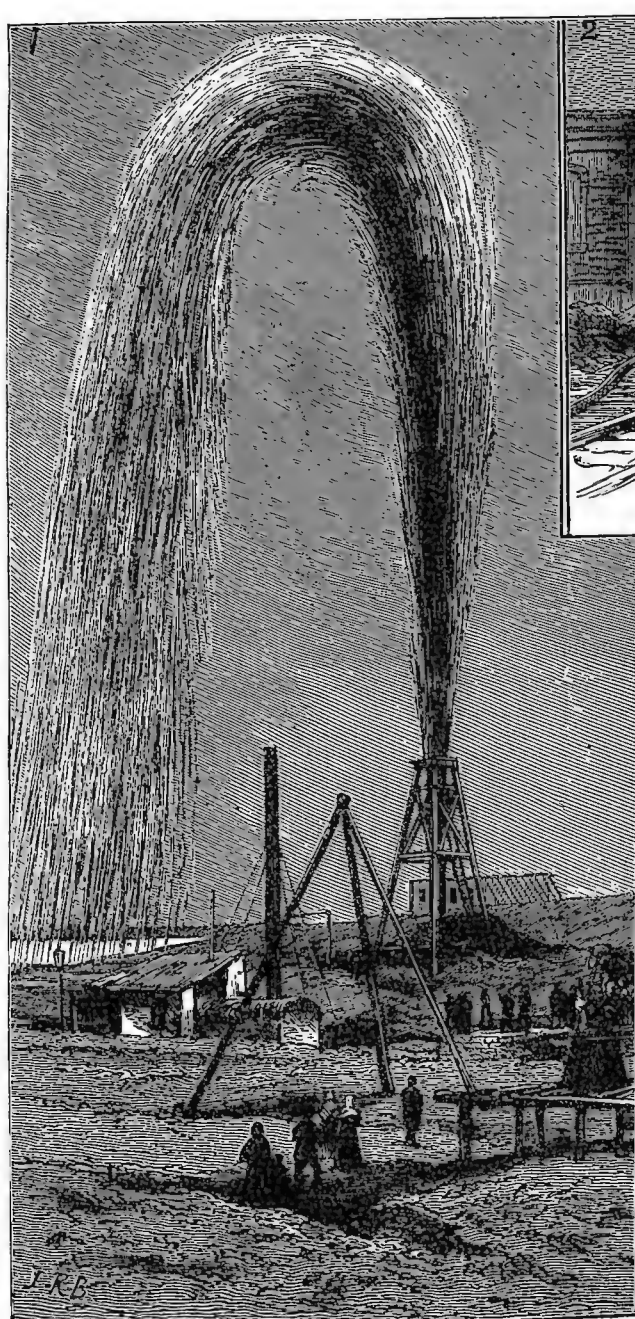
THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—CAMELS AND CATTLE CAPTURED FROM HOSTILE TRIBES DURING A CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE, AND DRIVEN INTO CAMP AT SUAKIM
FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE GENDARMÉRIE



CUTTING THE BADDELEY TWELFTH CAKE ON THE STAGE OF DRURY LANE THEATRE



A SNOW-PLOUGH ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, CANADA



1. A Petroleum Fountain During the First Five Days.—2. The Petroleum Wells.—3. The Harbour of Baku.
THE PETROLEUM WELLS OF BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN SEA

than average number. — Dr. Jessopp's "Life in a Medieval Monastery" will set right many misconceptions; Mr. J. Barclay, M.P., will not convert the English public to his "New View of Mormonism;" we wish we could hope that what Lord Camperdown says on "Floods" would move the riparian owners to take action. — Sir Gavan Duffy's "Ungrateful Ireland" (concluded) is a very temperate summary from a Nationalist point of view of the reasons why even Disestablishment and successive Land Acts have hitherto failed to conciliate. Everybody will agree with Sir Gavan that Ireland ought not to be governed from London for the benefit of England; but then everybody does not agree that it is governed for such an end. Some of us think it is so governed for Ireland's good.

In the *Month* Mr. Oswald Walmesley gives an intelligible abstract of "The Agricultural Holdings" Act, showing how it galvanised into life the futile Act of 1875 by annulling the right of private contract. It will be very inconvenient, in case of death; if, for instance, a tenancy runs from February 2, and the tenant dies next February 3, his representatives would be bound till February 2, 1866! — Lady Herbert of Lea tells us about Don Bosco of Turin, a Dr. Barnardo and Charles Lowder all in one, with whose work (voluntary and denominational, let the *Fortnightly* remember) Lord Palmerston was so pleasingly astonished. What astonishes us is how such a man could be more than once in danger of assassination. — Lord Arundell of Wardour's "Tradition, a Test Case," viz., the New Zealanders having forgotten Tasman's visit in 1643 by the time Cook came in 1770, reopens the whole question of the Stone Age, and reminds us that at the Deluge we have a new departure. Both Lord Arundell and the Duke of Argyll seem to pooh-pooh the theory of a partial Deluge; both agree with De Maistre that the savage has degenerated from primal civilisation.

Lady Colin Campbell's "Music in the East End," in *Merry England*, strikes the same note which Lady Greville touches in the *Fortnightly*. The success of Victoria Hall (the old "Vic") and of the Clerkenwell Choral Class is very encouraging. — Sir Sherston Baker, in "A Question of International Law," shows with what high-handed disregard of their ambassadorial character the French treated the Malagasyenvoys. — Mr. J. Oldcastle's "Daughter of the Queen," with Adrian Stokes's portrait of the Princess Alice, will be to many the most interesting paper in the magazine. — In *Colburn* there is an unpleasant Chauvinist twang about "France and Antipodean Britain." Much as we desire to see our Australian Colonies more closely attached to us, we cannot for their sakes begin to order France to keep not only out of the Pacific, but out of Madagascar. We have not set the world a pattern of such abstinence. It is significant that, with a population of less than a million, Victoria has spent more than two-and-a-half millions since 1854 in defences. We are glad that *Colburn* gives due praise to Colonel J. F. Maurice's "Hostilities Without Declaration of War."

The *Sanitary Record* warns us that there may be death in the canned-beef pot. Diseased animals have sometimes been slaughtered at Chicago; now, happily, there is a stock-yard inspector. The want of mortuaries makes itself strangely felt: the body of a boy drowned in Aldgate parish had to be taken to Wapping, and there was only received under protest. Birkenhead Park has a bowling-green and quoit-ground; we wish every public park had the same. — Miss Agnes Garrett, in *Every Girl's Magazine*, writes very sensibly about "House Decorations." She is not at all "too-too," and she has profited by Ruskin without being bitten by his crazes. This month's "Roses and Lilies of Christendom" includes St. Ursula and her 11,000 (sometimes irreverently turned into one—*undecimilla*), St. Faith, St. Agatha, and St. Prisca. All, except the first, occur in our Calendar. We heartily recommend to every girl the prize competitions announced on the fly-sheets. The articles sent in are given to London Hospitals. — *Time*, under its new proprietor, is to be a great improvement on its former self. A new serial is promised for February. The tales are clever, the padding good. "The Balkans" give us a far clearer idea of the physical geography of Turkey in Europe than we ever had before; and "Going to the House," by the well-known song-writer, Rev. F. Langbridge, is perfect. At a penny reading the other day people said it was the most touching thing they had ever heard. Mr. Montgomerie B. Ranking has a good article on the "Tartan Plaid."

We have so much of "the literature of introspection" at home that there was no need for *Macmillan* to descend on Obermann, as Etienne de Senamur chose to call himself. We are more grateful for the writer's testimony to the worth of Professor Amiel's *Journal Intime*, and for introducing us to the Vosges peasant, Xavier Thiriat's *Journal d'un Solitaire*. Mrs. Oliphant in "The Wizard's Son" brings Oona into the very centre of wizard-dom. Sir Theo. Martin's "Lord Lyndhurst" is contrasted with Lord Campbell's. To grow trees to any advantage, one must know something about them, and the fact that Mr. Heath's *Forestry* has nearly completed its tenth volume shows there are many anxious to learn. The present number contains a lecture on the subject by Sir R. Temple, and many good wishes for the International Forestry Exhibition, to be held, we believe, in Edinburgh.

The *Science Monthly* is quite up to the average; "The Fauna of the Crimea" shows that the mammals entered the peninsula across the ice by the Strait of Yenikale. The squirrel, a hibernating beast, of course could not come; nor could it come across South Russia, which has always been treeless.

The *Antiquary* contains some excellent papers, among them Mr. Wheatley's "History and Development of the House," and Mr. Round's "That Detestable Battle of Lewes." We trust what is said of "The Tolhouse, Great Yarmouth," will lead to its preservation.

Besides *The Century*, which has some wonderfully-telling sketches in "Edinboro' Old Town," and the admirably illustrated "Log of an Ocean Studio," and Mr. Stockton's amusing trifle "My Wife's Deceased Sister;" and *Harper* with "More about Mentone," and a rather bitter paper on "The Birth of a Nation," with admirably suggestive sketch of the French officers at Newport; we have the *Manhattan*, with a well-illustrated paper on "The Luther Monument at Worms," "Pompeii, Past and Present," with woodcuts by Cavaliere Scifoni, and an essay on "Creation or Evolution?" in which Mr. Curtis points out the differences between Darwinism and Spencerism, and shows that both destroy the idea of immortality.

In *Decoration* we prefer the paper on the "Mousatorer in Shetland" to Chrissie Green's "Decorative Heads." — The *Revue des Arts Decoratifs* has some good examples of seventeenth-century locksmith's work.

In that wonderful sixpennyworth, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, "Dartmoor and the Walkham" occupies in every sense the foremost place. Mr. Pollock's letterpress is pleasantly broken with Mr. L. R. O'Brien's sketches, carefully engraved by G. F. Smith, Balez István, O. Jaeger, &c. — Mr. H. James tells us what the Americans think of the Prophet of Sweetness and Light, whose portrait by Sandys is engraved by O. Lacour. — The *Magazine of Art* is as great a marvel of cheapness as ever. Aaron Watson's "Lower Thames," with G. L. Seymour's illustrations, is the best among many good articles. — The *Art Journal* has another of C. O. Murray's fine etchings—"Dante and Beatrice." It also gives interesting accounts of modern building in London—the work of Waterhouse, Norman Shaw, Grayson, &c., and of "Decorative Art in America," with specimens of Tiffany's and De la Forge's glass. — In the *Portfolio* H. Toussaint's etching of Rheims Cathedral pleases us best. Mr. Hamerton himself contributes "Soul and Matter in the Fine Arts," and Mr. H. Norman in "Birds" at Cambridge (with somewhat glorified illustrations)

reminds us that there were higher features in Greek civilisation which Time has mostly swept away. — *Blackwood* has some very good articles, notably "Ajax Philoctetes," in the best old *Blackwood* style; and "A Story of the Seen and the Unseen," a very well sustained story, which takes us to the threshold of the after world and across. — Tired as we are of "Ladies' Rides," we almost make an exception in favour of that across Spanish Honduras. It breaks fresh ground.

Longman's has an amusing paper, by the author of "Vice Versa," on "The Decay of the British Ghost." "Jack's Courtship" leaves the hero in a very sad dilemma; his cousins may call on Florence Hawke, but they must (his aunt insists) take no messages, no notes. — Bret Harte shows us what it is to be "Out on Lone Star Mountain." — Grant Allen, in the "Ancestry of Birds," introduces us to one of his evolutionary characters, the archæopteryx. Birds at last become birds after long varying in all directions, "tentatively, if one may say so;" but with all deference we submit that one had better not say so in a quasi-scientific article, for it is "not proven." — Five chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's "Madam" make a very good beginning. — We are glad the Donna Fund, for unemployed labourers round Tower Hill, exceeds 270*l*.

A novel by the authoress of "Citoyenne Jacqueline" is sure to be a treat; and in *Good Words* "Beauty and the Beast" begins very well with the sketch of the devoted sister, Jenny Thwaite, and of the old family lawyer, Mr. Miles. — The Duke of Argyll, in "Geology and the Deluge," accepts the view of the American savans, that the mammoth lived much nearer our own time than we suspect. His Grace believes that the huge beast, and the flint-chipping man who lived along with it, perished not in the Ice Age, but in the Noachic flood. — A poem from the Bishop of Bedford; twelve "sonorous" lines by the Laureate on Helen's Tower (to which are appended Lady Gifford's lines on her son's attaining his majority), are weighted with the Bishop of Rochester on "True Controversy," and the Rev. Harry Jones on "The East-London Poor." The latter is terribly serious. A more grim picture than that of "Lascars' Court" it is impossible to conceive. Well may Mr. Jones say that "if the bench of Bishops had been set to live there they must have been bad too." — The Princess Beatrice contributes some sketches of Aix-les-Bains.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Wendell Holmes's lines on "The Saturday Club" remind us of Lowell, with a great difference. — From Mr. A. P. Peabody's paper, it seems that they take pains with Greek at some American schools, though (as among ourselves) "study has become a boy's avocation, or side-calling, secondary to base-ball, military drill, and miscellaneous amusements." — "Chester Streets" shows how lovingly our cousins linger over antiquity in which they feel they have an inheritance.

The *Argosy* is well freighted with instalments of two novels and three novelettes. Of the latter (all are good) we incline to "Adonais, Q.C.," though we hope American belles are not given to heartless flirtation. — Mr. C. Wood has a very interesting and well-illustrated paper on "The Channel Islands."

We do not forgive *Mayfair* for going on with M. Zola's very disagreeable story, not even for the sake of the humorous way in which the "Echoes of Mayfair" describe the personal visit to "Outcast London" of Lord Pharisee, old Mr. Phil. Anthropos, and the Rev. Athanasius Tuftbunter. There is too much danger of personally-conducted benevolence becoming a new Society toy; and "Lord Pharisee wrote a magazine article about it" is a very clever hit. — The *Theatre* laments the *Iacina* in stage history since Macready's retirement, and partly fills it with a notice of Mr. Brereton's "Life of Henry Irving." A good many don't know that Irving is half a Cornishman, and that the "guise-dancers" went for something in his early training. — Why doesn't the *Antiquarian Magazine* and *Bibliographer* get amalgamated with the *Antiquarian*? It is very good. — The Viking's Tomb at Taplow is timely and carefully done; but is there room for both? If so, it is a sign that antiquaries are taking their proper place. — The *Clergyman's Magazine*, besides "Outlines of Present-Day Sermons" (most of what one hears belong to the Georgian age, or earlier) has a suggestive paper on "The Visitation of the Sick in its Higher Aspects;" and a paper, by Canon Rawlinson, on "The Bible and Egypt," including the Joseph-like tale of "The Two Brothers."

The *Contemporary*, an unusually full number, contains Lord Carnarvon on "Annexation and Federation in Australia"—a paper to make us reflect. The Bishop of Carlisle keeps up his mathematics. He explains apparitions by supposing the ordinary visual process reversed—knowledge, brain-effect, sight; whereas we usually begin with sight. Of course, all vision is an inconceivable transition from the physical to the spiritual; why not have occasional transitions the other way?—"Ought Women to Preach?" Dean Plumptre answers with a qualified "Yes." Professor Godt emphatically says "No," and paraphrases the old dialogue between Eve and the Serpent. "The thing to be desired for saving souls will become poison to the woman and to them that taste with her." — Sir S. Baker, with all the energy of the cobbler who is sure there is nothing like leather, conjures us not to abandon the Soudan. Part of it would surely be annexed by Abyssinia. Why not? — In "Lazarus at the Gate" the author of "Social Wreckage" shows the unfairness of coming down on the Chinese for infanticide, while parents are allowed to treat their children as they do in "Outcast London." — It is a sign of these times, so full of burning questions, that there is only one literary paper, Vernon Lee's very readable "Outdoor Poetry of the Middle Ages." In its terrible picture of the serf, it smacks a little too much of Michelet's "Sorcière." Michelet wrote excellent French-Carlylese; but he let his phrases run away with him.

PERILOUS PARIS

DORÉ, it is said, preferred London to Paris on account of the weird aspects of its shady neighbourhoods, which inspired his pencil with subjects gloomy and grotesque. But the French capital, notwithstanding the well-swept streets and splendid boulevards that so surprise and delight the stranger, has, to any one who will take the trouble to explore it for himself, places as dark and dangerous as any in London or New York. Montaigne, in one of his essays, goes into raptures about his beloved city, which he loved, as he writes, "jusqu'à ses vermines et à ses taches." Perhaps these blemishes were not so repulsive in the days of the genial essayist as they are now; and that, too, despite the efforts made by successive Governments to eradicate them. The work of weeding out the nasty places of Paris, which was commenced in 1788 by Bréteuil, "in the peaceablest manner," says Carlyle, "as if there were halcyon weather for the State," and which was afterwards continued with so much success in the declining days of the Second Empire, is to-day carried on, but has not been finished, under the Third Republic. The Imperial Prefect ran his splendid highways through some of the most dangerous dens of Paris, and caused many of the "sovereign people" to fly to the exterior boulevards and the lanes of Belleville, Clichy, and La Villette, there to abide with the *chiffonniers* and the *vidangeurs*. A good deal, however, has still to be done before Paris can thoroughly cast out from her the hordes of semi-savages who still lurk even within sight of her most fashionable neighbourhoods.

Independently of the Faubourg St. Antoine and its tortuous tributary streets, the nurseries of so many Manéuds of revolution, the foulest spots that still poison the air of Paris are to be found in the shadow of Notre Dame and the Panthéon. The cradle of the Latin Quarter is now inhabited by a race of beings who, to the vices of modern civilisation, add all the savagery of the days of Clovis. The

places where the famous Schools of the Middle Age were initiated by William of Champeaux are tenanted at the present day by a population as squalid as, and more dangerous than, that in the Mint or near the Minories. Crossing the arm of the river from Notre Dame, and ascending any of the dark streets in front leading to the Place Maubert, one soon reaches this historic but now disreputable neighbourhood. The names of the streets around recall mediæval memories. There are the Rue Maître Albert, the Rue de St. Victor, and the Rue des Anglais. In this latter probably dwelt Roger Bacon, John of Salisbury, and other British scholars, who were here attracted by the School of Logic commenced by the above-named William of Champeaux in 1109. In this vicinity Abelard is said to have first met his pupil and sweetheart. In the Rue de Foulle, not distant, lived Dante when in Paris, and probably also his friend and tutor Brunetto Latini. The Rue Galande, which is the main artery of this quarter, is nowadays infested by bands of roughs of the lowest sort, who stand at corners ready to trip and plunder the passing stranger. Nowhere near is a policeman visible, for the officers of the law only venture into such quarters in bodies to effect a capture. The most squalid street of all is manifestly the Rue des Anglais. Here is to be found one of the most grimy wine-shops in Paris, that of "Le Père Lunette." Other low taverns there are in the same place, all of which seem to do a brisk trade by gaslight. The people who patronise them recall the repulsive types described by Sue and Zola—pale boys and girls; haggard men and women, who have drained the cup of vice to its dregs. Some of the younger people are rather sprucely dressed, especially the women, who affect a finery suggestive of Whitechapel. One redeeming feature in these hells may be deemed the sketches in pen and pencil of people—presumably the lions of the locality—which ornament the walls and the wine-barrels ranged around. These sketches are by no means clumsy, and show Art to be lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood. They are probably the work of some poor wretch whom absinthe has brought to the level of the men and women whom he limns. The landlords of these taverns are as proud of such sketches as the proprietor of the "Lyon d'Or" may be of his painted panels and gilded ceilings, the work of artists of renown.

In this unhealthy quarter are to be found samples of all the *industriels* of Paris—the people who are absolute strangers to hard work. Here may also be seen the pickpocket at home; the burglar, resting from his "burgling;" and the *recidivistes*, or ticket-of-leave men, reposing in the bosom of their families; the wretches who live by crying out false news or selling bad pictures on the boulevards; the dog-shavers and clippers, who work by the river-side in the summer; the individuals who go around the streets with boards or labels on their breasts, setting forth terrible grievances; the worthies who howl lugubrious legends as to their personal misfortunes and necessities in the courts of private houses, when tolerated by *concierges* of an exceptionally kind character; the giants, dwarfs, fat women, and general monstrosities, who figure at fairs in the fine weather. When money is plentiful, all these people can amuse themselves in their *gargotes*, where *bouillon*, wine, horseflesh, and fried potatoes are cheap. The most unfortunate residents beg enough every day to enable them to pay the minimum rate for a bed (eight sous) in the Rue de Bièvre, and to purchase some cheap cheer. When they cannot afford *bouillon*, they collect the garbage of the markets, and make soup out of that—a repast not unknown in the vicinity of Covent Garden. For the "swells" of the *quartier* there is a *bal* in the Rue Galande; and, at the sign of the Château Rouge, in the same street, in a house formerly the property of Gabrielle d'Estrees, there is a discussion forum, called the "Sénat," where the motto, "Ni Dieu ni Maître," is held in high estimation, as an epitome of all that is noble and eloquent in ethics. The proceedings of the "Sénat" are rather dangerous to attend, unless one is *en casquette*; and even Louise Michel herself, if she swerved one jot from the declaration of doctrines of the deepest dye, would receive, if not speedy extinction, at least treatment as bad as that accorded to M. Guyot in the Salle Rivoli. Such are some of the people inhabiting the most perilous portion of Paris. They have been often studied and sketched by famous writers, and among them have come Sue, De Nerval, D'Anglemont, Zola, and Bouvier to view for themselves the seething life of the fairest capital of civilisation. W. L.



THE BENCH AND THE BAR have been contributing to a newspaper controversy respecting the admissibility, in Court, of the statements of prisoners. Mr. Justice Watkin Williams is in favour of it; "B," understood to be the newspaper signature of an eminent Lord Justice, is against it; so is Mr. Serjeant Ballantine, unless an alteration in the law should render the prisoner liable to the same examination as an ordinary witness.

SOME FRUIT has already been produced by the letter (recently referred to in this column) which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts addressed to the Home Secretary on certain defects in the law for the protection of children from parental cruelty. In Liverpool a Society has been formed for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which is intended to set the law in operation when sufficient, and when not, to endeavour to make amends for its deficiencies.

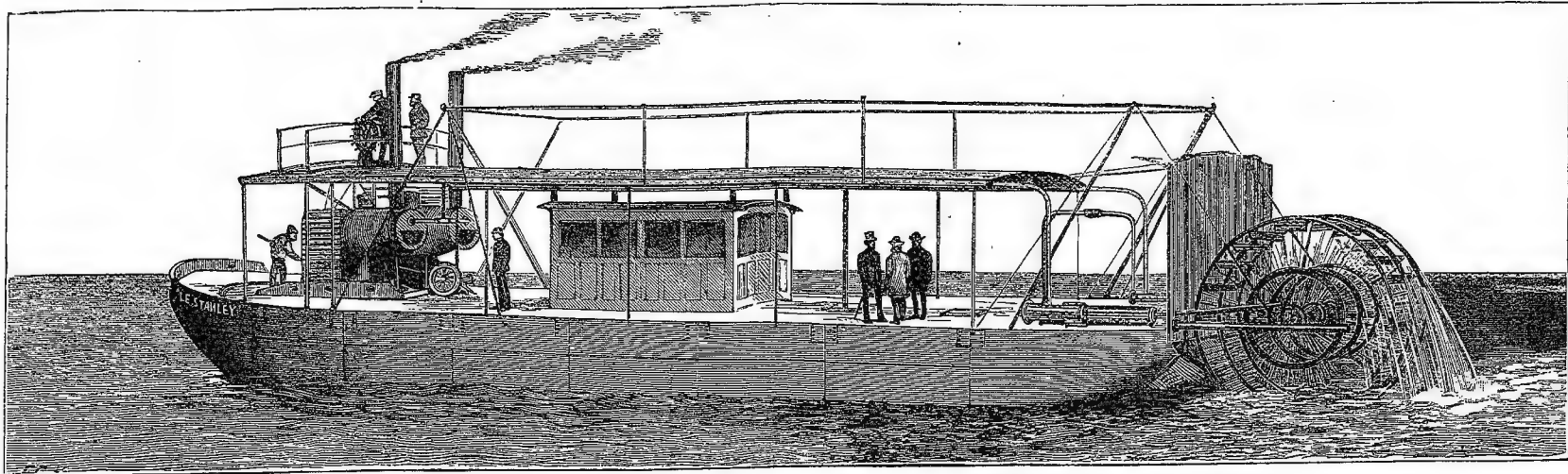
A SINGULAR FATE befell a contributor to an evening paper who, in order to discover the profits of mendicancy in London, and to describe its phases, disguised himself as a street-beggar, and looked the part so well, that he was apprehended as a bad character when found loitering in the streets, between two and four in the morning. He had sung songs with a banjo-man, and had vended matches. Evidence having been adduced to show that he had assumed the character of a vagrant for quasi-literary purposes, the Marlborough Street magistrate discharged him with a caution.

PROVOKED BEYOND ENDURANCE by the incurable drunkenness of his wife, who pawned his furniture and spent in drink the money which he had given her for payment of their rent, Henry John Billing, stevedore, aged twenty-nine, shot her dead, and then handed himself over to the police. Tried for the crime at the Central Criminal Court, this week, he was found guilty, but the jury strongly recommended him to mercy on account of the long-continued provocation which he had received. This recommendation, when sentencing him to death, Mr. Justice Hawkins promised to forward where it would be duly considered.

A VERDICT OF WILFUL AND MALICIOUS MURDER against some person or persons unknown was returned by the coroner's jury after the inquest on John Broome Tower, whose body, as recorded in this column last week, was found in the New River Company's reservoir at Stoke Newington. The perpetrators of the crime gained little by it, as the value of what their victim had on him and with him when murdered was described in evidence as inconsiderable.

THE POLICE have made a discovery among his papers which seems to prove that Whitehead is not the real name of the dynamite conspirator who was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and that he is James Murphy of Massachusetts.

THERE ARE NO FEWER than 286 divorce cases to be tried at the ensuing Hilary Sessions. Of these 181 are undefended.



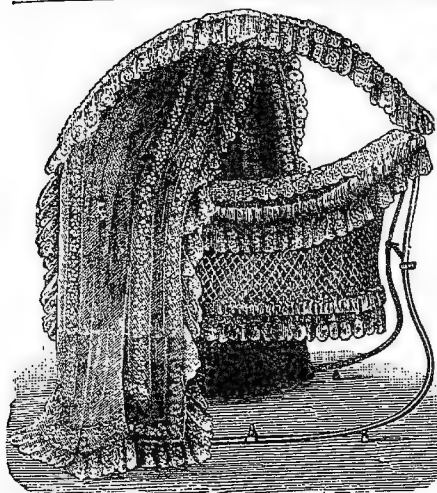
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the numerous rapids and cataracts, she is designed with a view to easy overland transport. She has, therefore, been constructed of six square-shaped pontoons of galvanised steel, watertight and buoyant, together with a bow-piece and a stern-piece. These can be quickly joined together or disunited, and, when complete, make a hull 70 feet long by 18 feet beam. The engines drive a paddle situated aft, well clear of the stern. The boilers are made with capacious grates for burning wood. The vessel is completely covered by a wooden awning deck, very necessary as a protection against the

burning sun of that climate. It is intended to ship *Le Stanley* in sections to the mouth of the Congo. There she will be put together, and steam up the river as far as it is navigable; then she will be taken to pieces for up-country transport. For this work 500 natives have already been engaged, and the various boat-sections will be, for the time being, ingeniously converted into the bodies of waggons for the conveyance of the lighter portions of the machinery, stores, &c. The trial-trip was very satisfactory: with a steam pressure of 100lb. a speed of ten miles an hour was obtained, and she steered with marvellous ease.



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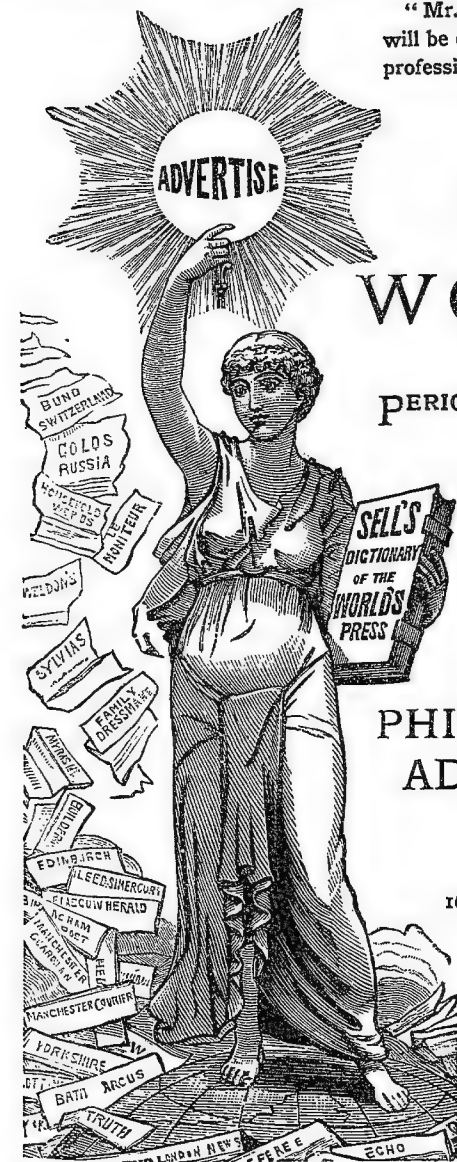
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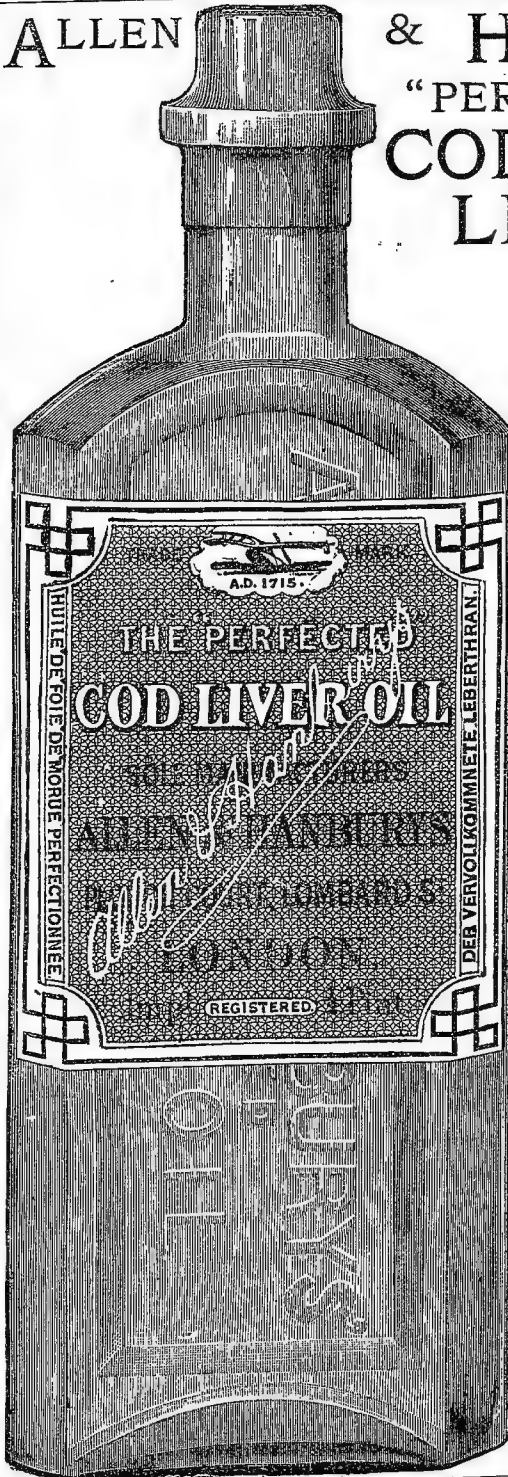
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Mr. Forster drew a signet ring, engraved with his arms, from his finger, and placed it in the narrow-necked jar."

DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

CHAPTER I.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN

THOSE who are so happy as to be born and to live out their appointed time in the North Country are removed from the luxuries, the vices, and the idle talk of London, and especially from that wicked and impious modern fashion of scoffing at the things which lie beyond man's comprehension, and should therefore be accounted sacred. We of Northumberland do not pretend disbelief in what is sufficiently proved but cannot be understood. Almost everybody (indeed all the women without exception) has seen, some time or other, strange and wonderful things which cannot be explained. Some, it is true, endeavour to reason them away by pretending the insensible and brute action of chance (among them, Mr. Hilyard tells me, the Latin poet Lucretius), which is incredible unless we allow the round world and all that is therein to be itself constructed and set a-going by accident. Others attribute the stories which abound among us to foolish credulity and ignorant superstition; to such persons there is no answer but the evidence of things related and testified; others again (their opinion is to be received with respect) think they perceive in them the workings of man's Chief Enemy. Let me, however, for my own part, following the expressed opinion of Mr. Hilyard and what I believe to have been that of my Lord the late Bishop, continue to think that what is permitted, though it be not understood, must be received with reverence and without too close scrutiny, as doubtless intended for no other purpose than a merciful one, *videlicet*, the admonition of the guilty and the encouragement of the virtuous.

To those who ask (seeking to throw discredit upon these beliefs by means of an idle laugh) why the things of which I speak are more common in the North than in the South of England: that is to say, why ghosts, spectres, witches, warlocks, elves, demons, fairies or faws, waufs, warnings, and other strange manifestations and mysterious powers continue in the North Country, yet are rarely reported from the Home counties or south of Tyne, I would venture to reply that (believing the fact to be so) I know indeed of no other reason for the undoubted favour shown to us in this respect than the great superiority of Northumbrians over all other Englishmen in the matter of valour, strength, loyalty, and learning—I mean, of course, when they apply themselves to study, for, as everybody knows, the gentlemen of the North are fonder of sport than of books. As for the

piety of my people, much might be said and much confessed or allowed. We have, doubtless, the reputation of being hard drinkers and ready strikers; and we are also accused of smuggling and cattle-lifting.

These charges are doubtless true, and cannot be denied, though of late years there has been amendment, and one should remember that there has never been a time until the present when a Northumberland man could look for continued peace or respite from fighting; nor could a rich man lie down at night with any certainty that he might not awake in the morning to find himself a poor man, his cattle lifted and his barns fired; nor could he fall asleep with an assurance that he would not be roused at night by the Blazing Turf, and have to boot and saddle and ride after marauders, pistol in holster, sword by side, and firelock on shoulder. This has made a race of men quick to fight and careless of life, since, willy nilly, they go daily in peril, and many families there are whose men, until a hundred years ago, never knew what it was to die in their beds. So much must be allowed my countrymen as an excuse for their readiness to strike. As to their drinking, true it is that the gentry drink much Port, Brandy, and Mountain, with Usquebaugh, Hollands, strong Ale, Cider, Punch, Mum, Cordials, and strong waters of every kind, while the common sort follow the example of their betters as far as they can afford (in which I blame them not): but still our rough country fellows are not, so far as I know, so drunken as the rabble of London.

And as for religion, I dare maintain that no gentlemen in England go to church with greater regularity than those of Northumberland, or more dutifully repeat the Responses, while the country people, though there are many parts where there is no church at all for them, do still keep up with zeal the observance, with all customary marks of respect, of the great days of the Church, that is to say, feasting on New Year's Day and Candlemas, fighting their cocks on Shrove Tuesday, eating parched peas on Carling Sunday, carrying round the plough at Christmas, getting up to see the sun dance at Easter Day, on May Day beating the bounds—according to ancient custom of the Church; and all with the drinking of ale continually, both small ale and October, according to their means, and plenty of honest quarter-staff, bull and badger-baiting, wrestling and boxing, to keep up the spirits of the people. Moreover, there are among us, though many staunch Catholics, few, indeed, of the vermin who, under the

name of Independents, Nonconformists, Whigs, and what not, have within the last eighty years murdered one King, driven another from his throne, and do still keep a third from the noble inheritance and earthly crown which are his by Divine Right. These reasons seem to me quite sufficient, without further inquiry, to account for the great blessings which we of the North Country enjoy in the shape of visits and messages from the dead, supernatural warnings, with omens, prognostications, and the spirit of Prophecy. As regards fairies and certain strange spectres which are reported to linger among our old ruins, I say nothing; first, because I cannot understand the purpose served in the Great Universal Scheme by the race of fairies, and next, because, as regards the spectres, it is a thing incomprehensible to me why the ghosts of mere obscure and lowly-born persons, such as Cuddy the Reaper or Nelly the Knocker, should be allowed so great a distinction as to continue among us, although it is seemly and becoming that the souls of great persons, such as that of the newly-deceased Countess of Derwentwater (which I hear is reported to have been seen by many at Dilston) should be allowed to remain on earth as long as they please, either for the sake of weeping over the past, or of lingering in spots formerly loved, until they can take their place in Heaven.

On the Eve of St. John, in the year 1703, when Thomas Forster, Esquire, of Etherston, the elder, was Sheriff for Northumberland, I, Dorothy, his daughter, was at the Manor House, Bamfborough, where I was staying under charge of my old nurse Judith, in order to see the Midsummer Fire. 'Twas the same year in which my elder brother Thomas, coming of age, entered into possession of that noble inheritance of the Bamfborough estates, to which he was heir in coparcency with his aunt Dorothy, Lady Crewe. The estates included the village and Manor House, with the Castle by the sea, and a great many other lands, manors, farms, and houses, of which an account shall perhaps presently be given. The house on the evening was filled with his companions, come to see the famous midnight Fire, and after the manner of young gentlemen they were killing the time between supper and twelve of the clock with drinking and singing.

The Fire was built every year upon the seashore north of the castle, where a broad space of level sand lies between the links and the water, uncovered even at high tide. The custom of the St. John Baptist's Fire goeth back beyond the memory of man; it is

so ancient that its origin is lost : it is so much esteemed that the folk would no more think of letting it be forgotten or neglected than the girls would forget to dream of husbands on St. Agnes' Eve, or to hide the men's shoes on Easter morning. Mr. Hilyard, who hath always something to say concerning the ancient world, will have it that the Midsummer Fire is nothing in the world but a pagan rite, *videlicet*, a fire built and lit in honour of the God Baal, and of Phœnician origin ; that is to say, it came from Tyre, of which city Hiram once was king, whose sailors navigated the world in the service of Solomon, as is very well known, bringing to the harbours of the Holy Land gold from India and tin from Britain. For which reason, he saith, and 'n lasting remembrance of that wise Prince, the Church hath done well to continue the practice, and to place under the protection of St. John Baptist that rite which formerly was part of the worship of a false God, and, therefore, without such protection, laying open those who practise it to the wiles and temptations of the Enemy.

From all quarters the people come a holiday-making, and to see the Bamfborough Fire. They come from Lucker and from Spindleston, from the Sea Houses of North Sunderland, from Belford, which is six miles away, and from Ellingham, which is ten. It is the chief annual festival at Bamfborough, even greater than the carrying of the plough at Hagameny : the gipsies come and set up tents upon the sands : there is always a travelling show or two, with men who do wonderful things, and booths where gingerbread is sold, and there is all day cockfighting, with cudgelling and wrestling. The rustics tramp round, the farmers ride into the place early in the day, and there is a great deal of drinking, eating, and singing long before the time comes for firing the pile. The younger men build up the pile with wood, artfully laying dry branches and twigs over and among the big logs, so as to raise a sudden and lofty flame ; the boys look on and run about and tease and fight each other ; the girls are making wreaths and garlands with Midsummer rush, vervain, and St. John's wort ; the older women and matrons stand together and talk. It is a subject for gratitude to think how simple are the pleasures of women, since a long talk is, to most, their chief relaxation and delight ; the men, poor souls, must still be drinking or smoking tobacco or looking on at fights or banging each other with quarter-staves. As for the older men, if they are of the better sort, they sit together in the inn, with pipes, and if they are of the lower kind, they commonly lean against door-posts, each with a pannikin in his hand, and slowly drink and slowly speak (because a rustic's words are few, though his wisdom is great) in the soft and gentle Northumbrian burr, which I, for one, have ever loved so much, and cannot if I would lay aside. The ingenious Mr. De Foe hath lately called it a "hollow jawing in the throat," which is, by his leave, a rude and ignorant way of describing it, and more fitly applied to the rough talk of the Border Scotch. It is a way of speaking which cannot be set down on paper, therefore all that follows is written as if it had been spoken in the mincing, affected way of St. James's Street, or the rough tongue of the London mob. "Oh! nurse," I cried, "when will it be midnight?"

"Patience, lass," replied the old woman. "Time is a sluggard for the young, but for the old he gallops."

The child sat in the parlour with her old nurse Judith waiting impatiently for the time ; the loud talk of the gentlemen was heard from the dining-room. Presently her eyelids began to drop, and her restless fingers became still. Then her head fell upon the tall back of the chair, and she was asleep. Her nurse let her sleep till the clock struck two-quarters after eleven, when she awoke the child, and bade her put on her hat and tie a handkerchief about her neck, and so took her forth. As we left the house, the cold air and the shouts of the people outside, and the singing of the gentlemen within—

When candlesticks they serve for bells ;
And frying-pans they use for ladies ;
And in the sea they dig for wells,
And porridge pots they use for cradles—

completely awakened me, and I shivered, threw up my head, and felt no more sleepiness, but ran, laughing and crying, to the sand-hills from which I was to see the show.

The night was clear, with never a cloud, and a bright full moon riding in the sky—yet in this season, even at midnight, it is so light that there needs no moon. The wind had dropped, and the waves, which sometimes break so high and terrible on this coast, were now little ripples which rolled along the sand in a whisper. Above the sands the great Castle stood, a grand sight to behold, its rugged walls white in the moon or black in deep shadows and gloomy, until the red blaze in the sky lit them up, and made them yet more awful.

The sands were crowded with the noisy people. In the midst stood the great Pile waiting for the torch. Everybody was talking, laughing, shouting, and singing. Upon the sea there lay a broad belt of white moonlight very pretty to look upon. Little Dorothy thought that perhaps when King Solomon's sailors came they may have built their idolatrous fire on the same place, and by the light of the same moon. But perhaps there were then as yet no Forsters in Northumberland. They are, it may be admitted, of later date than the age of Solomon and King Hiram. Perhaps, too, there was no Castle. It seemed to her a great pity that Solomon's sailors should come so far and not be able to see the Castle after all. Yet they had the glories of the Temple should they get home in safety to the ports of Joppa, Sidon, and Tyre. Then the clock struck twelve, and suddenly the Fire blazed up, and in a moment seized on the whole of the pile, and rolled upward in vast great tongues of flame with a cracking and roaring very frightful to behold and hear. "Thus," said Mr. Hilyard once, "thus the false prophets on Carmel danced and shouted round their altars ; through such a fire the children were passed." Indeed, when one remembers the wild faces of the men and women who leaped about that Fire there remains no doubt that in the madness caused by the blaze and roar of the flames, and the drink they had taken, and the shouts and dancing, it needed little to make our own people toss their little ones through the flames, as, it is said, but I know not with what truth, is done to this day by the wild Kernes of Ireland.

In half-an-hour the first fury of the flames was spent, the small branches being all burnt, and there remained only the steady burning of the big logs. And then the young men began to leap with shouts across the Fire, and the girls threw their wreaths upon it and sang again, and again danced round and round the pile.

"Let us go, Judith," said the child, growing tired, and being frightened by all this shouting.

"Wait, child," the old woman replied. "Wait, my dearie ; they are going to bring out the Midsummer Witch. We will go down and learn thy fortune."

At this point, indeed, there was a rush of the boys, always the most zealous in every ceremony or public entertainment, across the sands, over which was now seen approaching a procession of half-a-dozen girls, walking slowly, and singing a kind of hymn. In their midst, as one could presently discern, there walked a girl dressed all in white, and veiled from head to foot. Her companions carried, according to custom, wreaths of vervain, midsummer rush, St. John's wort, and mother-wort, though these we could not see.

"'Tis Jenny Lee," said Nurse Judith. "They told me she was to be the St. John's Eve Witch. A proper witch, I warrant. As for her father, sure he gave a love drink to her mother, else how should an honest farmer's wench go follow a gipsy tramp, even though he wedded her in church and called himself the King of his thievish people, and was, as a body might say, as well set up a man

with as fine a leg as a woman can desire, and as proud as Lucifer—Lord forgive us ! And on Midsummer Eve !" She looked round as if she expected something fearful with claws and fiery eyes, and crossed herself—a Papistical custom, but common in Northumberland. "If you want a witch, you needn't go farther than his daughter. They say she can do things already for which in the old times a poor old woman would be burned—my own grandmother was, for one, as I've heard tell. But that's a hundred years ago, and the world is changed. Witches can come and go without let or hindrance. Yet it is a blessed thing to live in times when there is no fear of being burned for a witch when you are only old and toothless. Did I tell you, my dearie, how I once saw a witch fly across the moon, broomstick and all?"

She had often told me that story, but even at that tender age I could not believe how a cloud, as it seemed to everybody else, should be to her a witch astride of a broomstick.

"To tell fortunes," Judith went on, "one must either be a witch or a gipsy. Jenny is both gipsy and witch, they say. Look ! Here comes his Honour."

As the procession came across the sands, the white veiled figure looking strange and ghastly in the moonlight, the gentlemen came out of the house and slowly walked down the street towards the shore. Mr. Forster, it may be supposed, had taken a glass more than the strength of his head allowed, for he staggered a little as he went. With him were two or three of his friends—Ned Swinburne and Jack Swinburne, brothers of Sir William, of Capheaton, Mad Jack Hall, of Otterbourn, young Mr. Peregrine Widdington, brother to my lord, and Mr. Antony Hilyard, my brother's former Tutor. They all trooped along together, noisily laughing.

By this time they had placed the Midsummer Witch on a sort of throne or stool of state covered with red cloth and flowers. "The Midsummer Witch must be a maid," said Judith, "and a firstborn child, else the spell won't work." They placed in her hand a vessel of some kind with a long and narrow neck. "It is filled with water," said Judith, "drawn by herself from the sea on this very evening. Now, child, double thumb and come along."

Everybody knows that to double your thumb in your right hand averts danger. I complied, and thus secured, ran down the hillock, and joined the group.

The villagers were standing round their newly-made witch in a respectful ring, the middle of which was occupied by young Mr. Forster and his friends.

"Now, fair Witch and pretty Sorceress," said he, pretending not to know the veiled girl, "tell us our fortunes, and we will reward thee with a kiss, if your ghostship allows us to see your face."

But everybody knew very well who was the Witch.

"Your honour must put something of your own in the jar," said Judith. Meantime the veiled girl sat as if she heard nothing ; in her lap the jar, and her hands folded round it.

"Drop your ring in it," said Judith. "No need to tell her your name or the name of any gentleman. She is veiled, and cannot see."

Mr. Forster drew a signet ring, engraved with his arms, from his finger, and placed it in the narrow-necked jar.

"Now," he said, laughing, "tell me the fortune of the ring and its owner."

She put her hand into the vessel, and took out the ring. Then she replied slowly, as if she were looking for words fitting the fortune she was to tell :

Great place, great chase ; near the grave, yet one to save.
Great name, great blame ; far off to die, at home to lie.

That was a strange fortune : what could it mean ?

"I said she was a Witch," murmured Judith. "Take back your ring, sir."

The girl held out her open hand. Strange ! The stone had fallen from the ring, and lay upon her palm.

"Lucky," said my brother, "that it did not fall in the sand. The sea water loosened it."

"Great name, what is it?" he murmured, "'great blame, or great fame'—'far off to die'—well, what man can die more than once? 'At home to lie'—one would wish to lie with one's own people. 'Great blame!'—Who cares for blame? A good fortune this. Now, Ned, try your luck."

Mr. Edward Swinburne, a young man of my brother's age or thereabouts, stepped forward, and placed a piece of money in the jar. Said the girl, taking out the money :

Prison walls and prison bed ;
Who lies there is stark and dead.

"I wish to Heaven, Tom," said the young man, angrily, "that we had stayed at home, and sat out tother bottle."

Then Mr. Peregrine Widdington took his place.

The oracle was more pleasant to hear. The voice of the girl was low, and she never moved the whole time :

Danger by land and danger by sea ;
Yet your death at last in your bed shall be.

"Thank you for nothing, Witch," said Peregrine, stepping back. "As for me," said Mad Jack Hall, whom none of the Forsters except Tom, loved, because his presence seem to bode misfortune (a man of forty, Dorothy thought, had no business drinking and carousing with these young men), "as for me, I will have none of thy fortune, good nor bad. There's plenty good and plenty bad in the locker. Good or bad, what matters so there's beef on board and drink in can?"

His rosy face looked as if he had already taken as much drink out of the can as he could well hold.

"Come, brave Tope—come, my lusty Tony," cried the lad Peregrine, clapping Mr. Hilyard on the shoulder ; "try thy fortune, man." The young man ought to have shown more reverence to the scholar, but learning and Perry Widdington did not indeed regard each other with respect. Besides, the truth is that Mr. Hilyard was himself somewhat inclined to stagger as he went.

Mr. Hilyard was a young man then, although so learned. Perhaps he was about five or six and twenty. He wore no hat, his wig was awry and out of curl ; his cheeks were red, his neckcloth was disordered ; he stood behind the others, as if he did not by right of birth (which was the case) belong to them. His merry twinkling face, when the fire lit it up, seemed filled with the joy of wine and song : the poet Anacreon (whose verses he afterwards translated) could not have been more jovial to look upon. His nose was broad, his lips full, his eyes were large, his figure was short and squab.

"My fortune?" he asked with a laugh—though why should he laugh over so grave a matter as his own fate? "My fortune? What better fortune than to drink and royster among the gentlemen of Northumberland?"

However, he placed a coin in the girl's jar, and waited as if he was ready for anything besides that fortune might have for him.

"Fortune has no more to give me," Mr. Hilyard said, presently. "Or if anything she keeps it in a basket, like the Egyptian his secret, who, to one asking, replied 'Since thou seest it covered with impudence is this, to inquire into a hidden thing?' Keep silence, Priestess."

But the girl gave his fortune :

Love a fair girl all your life,
Yet shall never have a wife.
Thou shalt rise and she shall fall.
Fear not—thou wilt top them all.

"Why," cried Mr. Hilyard, "here is an excellent fortune,

indeed. Good Sybil, I thank thee. Yet Haman rose and topped them all. So did Stylites, and so doth Steeple Jack. Nevertheless, I thank thee. Delphic Oracles are ever obscure. And there are many ways of rising—did one only know them."

"Enough fooling," said my brother. "Judith, give the girl a shilling for her trouble." He tossed her the coin. "Come, Ned—come, Peregrine—come, Jack. Let us go back and crack t'other bottle."

They went back as they had come, arm-in-arm, and tramping noisily, and the scholar began to sing as they went. He had a clear, sweet voice—

He drank till night and he drank till noon,
The thirst in his gullet was such ;
He never could drink a drop too soon—too soon :
And never, never, never—no—never—
Never a drop too much.

I whispered, "Judith," when they were quite gone, "let me now try my fortune, too. Is it not my turn now?"

But Judith was shaking her head. "That shall you not," she said angrily. "Here is a fine Midsummer Witch for you, with her bad luck for everybody ! Heard one ever the like? I would duck her in the sea for two straws. And for all these gallant gentlemen, too !"

"Oh, nurse." But the Oracle sat as if she heard not. "Nurse, I must have my fortune told—I must, indeed."

"Yes—yes," cried the women of the village, pressing round, "Miss Dorothy's fortune ! Let us have Miss Dorothy's fortune, too."

Judith gave way. She was as curious as the rest to know what this wonderful Midsummer Witch would say. Yet she was afraid.

"Hast ever a crooked pin about thee, child?" she asked. "So—this will do. Drop it in the jar. Now—double thumb again, child."

The girl once more put her hand into the jar and brought out the pin. Dorothy waited in a strange expectancy. Oh, what would she give her ? For the moment she felt as if this farmer's wench, whose father was but a common gipsy, actually knew the will of Heaven and could control the future. Impious thought ! And yet—it is truly wonderful—one knows not how—one cannot say why—the predictions of humble women are so often fulfilled. Nurse Judith's grandmother—the one who was burned for a witch—predicted the tempest which blew down the roof of Belford Church, and on her way to the stake foretold the sudden and violent death for him who bore witness against her. Wonderful to relate, the man was done to death in a fray with the Redesdale men. Yet that little Jenny Lee, a milkmaid, a dairymaid, who dropped me a curtesy when she passed me ; that she should—it is impossible. What she said, however, was ambiguous enough for any fortune.

Lovers one and two and three,
Lovers of high and of low degree,
None of them all shall her husband be.

If none of my lovers was to become my husband, thought the girl, whom should I have to marry?

"Poor lass !" the women murmured. "'Tis a strange unlucky night for the Quality."

It is a foolish thing that one should remember such a childish play, but Dorothy never forgot any of the fortunes told on that Midsummer Eve. Nor, I think, did her nurse, so long as she lived, which was for ten years more. But now Judith dragged her charge away roughly, though the oracle had not yet finished telling the fortune.

"Come, child," she said. "It is bed time. Fuss enough made about a girl ; silly talk—though 'tis St. John's Eve and all. Come, Dorothy, a maid of ten has got nothing to do with lovers. Lovers, indeed ! Never heed such things !" She, however, did heed them very much, for her lips kept muttering as we came away from the great Fire, and from the group of people now pressing and crowding together round their Witch to know their fortune. What she told them I know not, but there were shouts of laughter which made little Dorothy sad. It seemed to her as if they ought not to laugh when such melancholy fortunes had been told, and while the Great Fire—the fire of Baal—was still burning brightly and steadily, just as it did long ago when Solomon's sailors landed here, before King Ida built the Castle, and before ever a Forster was seen in the North Country.

"Far off to die : at home to lie," Judith muttered. "What did the child mean ? Where did she learn it ? I hope his Honour may not be disturbed by such a thing."

His Honour was not, because, with his companions, he was put to bed that night too drunk to remember anything.

"Why, to be sure," the nurse went on, "it is only a play. And yet it is an old play, and we must never let it drop, or bad luck will come to us. Nobody knows who is abroad on such a night as this. Spirits whisper—I felt a cold breath on my own cheek just now. 'Tis a fearful night. Say prayers, my dear, and get to sleep."

Late as I had gone to bed, I was up betimes and dressed by six. When in the morning I went down the stairs I found Mr. Hilyard already up and dressed, talking with no other than the girl Jenny Lee herself at the door.

I know not whether he had been, like the others, drunk the night before. He was quite sober now, and composed and grave in his manner as becomes a scholar, and was his wont in the morning. But his eyes were red, as sometimes happens after much wine. "Come, girl," he was saying, "shalt not put me off with nonsense. Who taught thee the rhymes?"

Jenny was a tall girl of twelve or thirteen, who might have been seventeen, so well grown was she. Judith called her a gipsy : her father, who was dead, belonged to that nation. She had a gipsy's black hair and bright black eyes ; also, a gipsy's swarthy skin, red lips, and white teeth. She bore on her head a pail of milk. When Mr. Hilyard spoke to her she looked confused, and hesitated.

"Come," he said. "Here is little Miss Dorothy. As you hope for any favour from this young lady tell us where you learned those fortunes."

"Perhaps they were whispered by the spirits," said the girl, impudently. "Everybody knows that on St. John's Eve the good people are about."

"Perhaps they were not whispered. Perhaps I know where they came from."

I suppose there was something in his look which she read, because she dropped her eyes.

"Telling misfortunes to gentlefolk is no laughing matter, my girl. Such prophecies sometimes bring their own fulfilment. It is recorded of Marius—but that concerns thee not. Who was it, Jenny?"

"Granny," she whispered. "Granny ; she is a proper witch."

"Of course, I knew it," he replied. "Yet I saw none of your people among the gipsies yesterday."

She replied that, in fact, they were in trouble, one of them having been unjustly hanged for stealing a sheep (the whole tribe being ready to swear an *alibi*), and another having been flogged through the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and that as regards Bamfborough the last time they were camped in that place there were so many complaints about pigs, geese, and even cows dying suddenly and mysteriously (their bodies being taken away by the gipsies and eaten), and so many threats of throwing the old woman into the pond for a witch, that they were afraid of coming any nearer. She was indeed a wonderful and terrible old woman to look at, being doubled up with rheumatism, and wrinkled most terribly, yet with a pair of coal-black eyes which shone like fire.

"She cast the fortunes of the gentlemen and Miss Dorothy with the cards," Jenny Lee went on; "and yours too, sir. Oh! Granny's words come true—every one."

"Where did they come from last?" asked Mr. Hilyard.

"They came from Lancashire, and they are going to Wooler first, and then across the Cheviots and to Jedburgh."

"From Lancashire." Mr. Hilyard stroked his chin and looked grave. Presently he began to speak with her eagerly in a tongue which I did not understand. Yet I knew very well that it was the language of the gipsy folk, and that Mr. Hilyard could talk it, being a most ingenious gentleman who could talk many languages, such as Dutch and French, and even thieves' tongue, which they call Canting. This he learned in London, while lurking (at great risk of being knocked off the head) among the thieves and rogues of that great and wicked city. I believe there were also other weighty reasons known to Oxford vintners and others, who had trusted him, why for a time he should lie snug. You will hear presently how a person so learned and of such curious accomplishments became a resident in our house and our dependant.

After a serious talk, Jenny went away, dropping me a curtsy without letting the pail fall from her head, or a drop of milk to be spilled. Then Mr. Hilyard hemmed twice, and said:—

"I was saying to the girl, Miss Dorothy, that the poultry of Barmbrughshire must not be stolen, or rogues will meet their deserts." This he may have said among other things, but I knew very well indeed that he had sent a much more important message. In those days of unquiet, when there were secret communications and letters constantly passing from hand to hand, and especially between Lancashire and Northumberland, even a child could understand that in some way or other Mr. Hilyard and the old gipsy woman were concerned in letter-carrying.

"It is strange," he went on, speaking gravely, and as if he was reading from a book, "that the girl doth not forget the language of her father's people, though her mother brought her away so young. Much I fear that when she grows older she will leave the ways of Christian folk and follow with the camp. 'Tis a strange wild folk! Nor hath it ever been made certain whence they came or, where they were first seen. As for their language, which I have been at some pains to learn, that seems to have in it something of the Chaldean. Meantime forget the pretended oracles of this gipsy Delphic. As for his Honour, your brother, he will doubtless in some way achieve greatness, as his grandfather before him, Sir William, Sheriff of the County, and what the witch says is true, that great name brings great blame. Themistocles is recorded to have compared himself to a tree, the leaves of which are plucked by every passer-by, yet in days of heat they all run to it for shelter. And as for prophecy, every man is Faber Fortunæ, or maker of his own fortune, which is the reason why some do spoil themselves in haste and hurry of making; so that we may admire the wisdom of Vespasian, who stamped his coin with a dolphin and an anchor, and the legend, *Soon enough if well enough*. Forget the oracles, child, and doubtless when your brother and the gentlemen are ready to take their breakfast, they will have forgotten, by reason of the potency of his Honour's port, the predictions of last night."

It is, indeed, as difficult to keep a gentleman of Northumberland from wine as a woman from talk.

"The goats of Candia," Mr. Hilyard resumed, stroking his chin, "being shot with an arrow, straightway choose the herb dittany in order to cure the wound; the tortoise, having eaten a viper, seeks for wild marjoram; the dragon, when his sight fails, cleans his eyes with fennel. Cranes, for the good of the stomach, know how to administer sea-water. The wise man, Miss Dorothy, after a bottle or two of port over-night, taketh a tankard of small beer in the morning."

He disappeared, in search of his remedy, and Dorothy saw him no more that morning. At noon the gentlemen took their breakfast, and presently rode away all altogether, laughing and shouting, and Dorothy never heard from any of them till long afterwards mention or remembrance of this oracle of St. John's Eve.

(To be continued)



It is unfortunate that the author of "Winifred Power: A Novel" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) has chosen to divide the interest of his novel between a past and a present generation. Indeed, to all intents and purposes he has written two novels, for the affairs of the former generation do not even amount to an introduction to those of the second. Since the plot of each is exceptionally and needlessly complicated, as the characters are too numerous to count, and as each has a separate story of his or her own, the result is naturally confusing, and the attention is unpleasantly strained by the effort to keep everything clear. Moreover, the story excites curiosity rather than genuine interest. We are perpetually piqued into expecting that the interest is just going to begin; and this almost page by page, until it becomes too late to expect anything more. However, the constant excitement of curiosity is at any rate inconsistent with dulness, and, when all has been said in the shape of fault-finding, ample reason is left for placing the novel as a whole very considerably above the average. The faults belong to construction entirely, and could easily have been avoided by ordinary care. But the portraiture of the multitudinous characters required much more than ordinary skill. All, despite their number, are perfectly distinct and life-like; when sympathy is demanded, it is invariably obtained; and the amiability of Winifred herself is brought out with as much force as the almost sublime selfishness of Mary Hatherley. Nor is the novel without the charm of humour. The Dallas family, who may claim a certain cousinship with the Micawbers, and who win the favours of Fortune by implicitly trusting her, are among the most successful of the characters in this important respect, and will not readily be forgotten. The tone is healthy, and the style, in marked contrast with the plot, clear and straightforward. So that, on the whole, the novel will give more than the average amount of pleasure.

"Di Fawcett: One Year of Her Life," by C. L. Pirks (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is, in most important respects, an advance upon former works from the same pen. It is founded, indeed, upon a radical error, indulged in by novelists, and by novelists alone, that children are bound to have their lives spoiled for them by the world because their parents have been the object of scandal. The world is hard enough, no doubt; but it is also exceedingly like the nettle in keeping its stings for those who touch its leaves too timidly. In the present case, only simpletons could be affected in the manner described. But then it may be urged that in other respects also the characters were very far from being over-wise. Di Fawcett herself thinks she is sacrificing herself to advantage by sacrificing her lover's happiness into the bargain; and, by a particularly silly and irritating piece of martyrdom, needlessly and cruelly goes far to spoil three lives. She is one of those unpleasant people who are determined to be victims, even at the cost of others. However, there is not much else to find fault with in a novel which is otherwise fairly interesting, brightly written, and decidedly amusing. There is even some originality about the eccentric heretical clergyman, known by the sobriquet of "the Dean," who plays the violin in such marvellous, indeed in such supernatural

fashion, that his music goes, with the effects of magic, straight to the hearts and souls of his hearers, making them know themselves and see themselves for once in their true colours. Apart from possibility, and certain properties in human nature that are impenetrable even by music, an instrument of this kind is evidently of admirable assistance to a novelist, from sparing him the unthankful labour of set reflection. Moreover, the use of this machinery is so well managed that the touch of magic gives a fresh and pleasant flavour to the book as a whole, without in the least degree giving the effect of unreality.

"Broken Ideals," a Novel, by J. Bowles Daly, LL.D. (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), although the author's degree should imply a certain amount of experience and observation, is written with all the bitterness and sense of the world's hollowness usually characteristic of extreme youth; and it is matter for gratitude that Dr. Daly has spared us the tragic ending that we fully looked for. There is also a very decidedly youthful crudeness about his style and his reflections, not unamusing, but in the wrong sort of way. Nevertheless, he writes with promise, for he is evidently that rare sort of novelist, a man of culture who has read to good purpose, while his faults, being essentially those of inexperience, will doubtless vanish before wider and more accurate knowledge of the world. His hero is a mean and cowardly scamp, whom a very charming girl, after the too common manner of her sex, elevates into an Ideal—nay, when she is happily married to him, supposing happiness possible in such a case, her ideal remains, despite the title of the novel, unbroken. The worst case of a broken ideal is a widow, certainly an adventuress and probably a murderess, who seduces from his matrimonial allegiance a certain old idiot who, in finding out his mistake when it is too late, is punished by the remorse and humiliation he has richly earned. Indeed every character is supposed to have an ideal which more or less gets broken; and as every one of them, save the heroine, is either a knave or a fool, or both, the ruin of their beliefs all round does not obtain much sympathy. Indeed we are not sure that the heroine herself does not forfeit sympathy by neglecting to show the door to such a contemptible cad as her lover. Dr. Daly is ill-advised in taking this line if he wishes his novels to prove attractive. But we have already said that he has much to learn, and there is every reason to believe him capable of learning. He at any rate writes in earnest, and this ought to ensure better success hereafter.



DETRACTORS and admirers have long been busy with the character of Goethe. Some of the greatest writers of the century have given their best thought to the study of his complex mind. Carlyle, as no one needs to be reminded, poured out in essay after essay his profound admiration for the German poet, who in almost every mental quality presented so marked a contrast to himself. Scarcely less known than Carlyle's eulogies are the brilliant and superficial essays of De Quincey, in which he undertook to make "Mr. Goethe his own eidololast." Emerson was now attracted, then repelled, by the great German. "Goethe," he said, "can never be dear to men. He has not worshipped the highest unity; he is incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiment." Yet Emerson came to admit that "the old eternal genius who built the world has confided himself more to this man than to any other." John Sterling was more inclined to exonerate Goethe from the charges brought against him in connection with his treatment of women the more he examined the facts of his various love episodes; Mr. Matthew Arnold has called him "the greatest poet of the present age, and the greatest critic of all ages;" and lastly Professor Blackie declares that Goethe "may well be handed down to long generations as the model of a perfectly wise and virtuous man." Most English people get their knowledge of Goethe from George Henry Lewes's well-known volumes. Without agreeing with Margaret Fuller's opinion of Mr. Lewes and his ability to write a life of Goethe, it may be admitted that his biography has many grave faults. Brilliant it is; but its polemic and its egotism seriously mar it as a biography; and with the religious side of Goethe's mind Lewes was by nature unable to sympathize. It contains, too, much that was unavoidably inaccurate. It is with genuine pleasure, therefore, that we receive the English translation of Herr Heinrich Düntzer's "Life of Goethe" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), translated by Thomas W. Lyster. In order to judge a man correctly it is surely necessary to know all that can be known about him; and nowhere can the English reader find a fuller and more authentic account of Goethe than in this elaborate work. It is a delight to notice with what loving care the biographer has worked; how he has verified dates, compared statements, corrected misapprehensions, and cleared up doubts; pushing his reverent scrutiny to the furthest possible limit. The result is a solid and square piece of work which, perhaps, can never be entirely superseded. The translator admits that this is not the ideal Life of Goethe. The remark is just; for the book lacks that touch of genius which transforms a record into a biography. But, as a record, it is of the utmost value. The translation, too, is much more satisfactory than that of the same writer's "Life of Schiller." Many portraits, views, and *fac similes* of handwriting enrich these scholarly pages. In appendices the translator gives certain additions and corrections made by Herr Düntzer in the second edition of the work which the German demand has already rendered necessary.

Mr. George Willis Cooke's "George Eliot: A Critical Study of Her Life, Writings, and Philosophy" (Sampson Low), is meritorious work. In point of style and substance it does not rank with the critical writings of Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Dowden, or Mr. Masson; in criticism of the second class it may well take a place. Much of the biographical matter in Mr. Cooke's book has been forestalled by the previous publication of Miss Mathilde Blind's monograph in the "Eminent Women" Series. His criticism, however, if not final, is extraordinarily full. It deals with every phase of George Eliot's intellect and character: with her poetic methods, her philosophic attitude, her religious tendencies, her ethical spirit, and the limitations of her thought. Besides the general subjects, special chapters are devoted to analyses of the separate novels and the poems. "George Eliot's religion," says Mr. Cooke, "is without God, without immortality, without a transcendent spiritual aim and duty;" but "piety without God, renunciation without immortality, mysticism without the supernatural, everywhere find eloquent presentation in her pages." Its extreme thoroughness will probably deter many readers from beginning Mr. Cooke's book; for in this busy world there are few who can afford to read some four hundred closely printed pages devoted to the study of a single writer, however distinguished.

The "Eminent Women" Series of Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. has been enlarged by two monographs—"Maria Edgeworth," by Miss Helen Zimmern, and "Margaret Fuller," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Miss Zimmern's book is one of the best of the series. She has an excellent subject, and has had unusual advantages in dealing with it; for she has been able to use an unpublished memoir of Maria Edgeworth, written by her step-

mother, and has had access to a number of private letters. It is the most complete Life of Miss Edgeworth that has yet been given to the world; it is written in easy fluent English, and with pleasant womanly sympathy; and the reader is made to feel thoroughly pleased alike with the authoress, the heroine, and himself. Mrs. Howe's book shows less grasp of her subject. Margaret Fuller's tragic death has probably given to her name more than its due share of prominence. She was a woman of fine mind, of wide culture, of much talent; but not a woman of genius as Mrs. Howe seems to suppose. Mrs. Howe's book is certainly interesting; though more perhaps on account of what it tells us concerning Margaret Fuller's associates and friends—Channing, Emerson, Hawthorne, Carlyle—and the movements and events of her time than for the sake of the heroine herself. Still, among eminent modern women Margaret Fuller ranks high: America has produced no other who ranks higher.

From 1852 down to the day of his death Mr. Shirley Brooks was a regular contributor of prose and verse to the pages of *Punch*. The verses were "written from week to week in whatever bodily pain or mental grief their author might chance to be;" many of the best epigrams were impromptu; and one of the longest poems was begun and finished in an hour. It has been the loving labour of Mr. Reginald Shirley Brooks (a son of the late Editor of *Punch*) to collect all these verses into a volume, and publish them under the title of "Wit and Humour" (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.). The result is as bright a volume as a man in search of light literature could hope to encounter. Many of these verses will be well remembered by readers of *Punch*. Some of the parodies (notably that on "Hiawatha") are excellent; and all the verses are lively and good-natured. The same firm has republished "The Naggletons," also by Mr. Shirley Brooks. Many of the old readers of *Punch* will be glad to have these papers in convenient book form. Of their kind they are second only to the famous "Curtain Lectures of Mrs. Caudle;" and those who never read Mr. Brooks' papers when originally published have now the opportunity of following the wrangles of the pair whose disputes were finally settled by the receipt of a legacy of 20,000*l.*, and the adoption with it of the patronymic of "Lovey-Dovey."

Mr. Francis H. Underwood, the author of "John Greenleaf Whittier: A Biography" (Sampson Low and Co.), claims to be merely "the friendly guide to and interpreter of" the Quaker poet. When Mr. Whittier's immense popularity in America is considered, it is surprising that he is not more widely read in this country. His purity of thought, his easy diction, his warm love of freedom, his musical verse, and his homely plainness of mind should make him a favourite with those large numbers in this country who think, with Mr. Bright, that Longfellow is the greatest modern poet. Mr. Underwood has written a readable book, in which enthusiasm is perhaps more obvious than judgment or literary style.

"Germs, Dust, and Disease" (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace) is the title Dr. Andrew Smart has given to some health lectures now republished in an attractive booklet. The germ-theory of disease is briefly explained, and the comparative tables showing the mortality in different trades are interesting. There is much truth in the remark that it is the depression experienced by a man working under unhealthy conditions which first drives him to stimulants. Dr. Smart shows how unhealthy occupations usually tend to the production of one particular disease—pulmonary consumption.

"Hints to Househunters and Householders," by Ernest Turner (B. T. Batsford), is one of those books of which it has been customary to say that they "supply a long-felt want." Certainly in the present case the conventional phrase would not be misapplied. Mr. Turner has gathered into one compact volume just those hints about houses which are the most important; and any one wanting the best advice upon the aspect of a house, its draining, warming, ventilation, water-supply, &c., will find it here.

"The Adventures of Three Fugitives in Siberia," translated from the French of MM. Victor Tisset and Constant Améno by S. Gale (Remington), is a tale in which romance and realism are fairly blended. The story evidently loses by translation; but it is sufficiently interesting to make it worth reading, and few who begin it will lay the book down until they find Yegor and his *fiancée*, Nadege, and the plucky French dancing-master safe on board the Austrian barque, and out of reach of the relentless pursuit of the police-inspector Yermac.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have published in volume form the beautiful story, "The Little School-master Mark," lately contributed by Mr. J. H. Shorthouse to *The English Illustrated Magazine*.—"The Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Ouida," is the title of a compilation made by Mr. F. Sydney Morris from the novels of Miss de la Ramée (Chatto and Windus).—Among other books on our table are a one-volume edition of Nordenskiöld's "Voyage of the *Vega*" (Macmillan and Co.), and a cheap edition of Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life" (Bentley and Son).

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE present Winter Exhibition at Burlington House is not the less attractive because it is confined within narrower limits than some of the earlier displays of the series. Of the three hundred and sixteen pictures exhibited there are very few without artistic value. The works by deceased English painters are more numerous and more interesting than on any previous occasion, and there are besides an excellent assemblage of seventeenth-century Dutch pictures, two or three masterpieces of Venetian portraiture, and a few interesting works by the primitive Italian and Flemish painters that preceded the Renaissance. The exhibition also contains a series of nearly thirty pictures by the late Paul Falconer Poole, R.A.

On entering the First Gallery, which, in accordance with established custom, is occupied by English pictures, we encounter a singularly fine example of the work of James Ward, representing a group of "Dalmatian Dogs." The animals are strikingly life-like, and are drawn and painted with an amount of power that few artists except Rubens, who greatly influenced the painter's style, have equalled. Though inferior to this, one of Ward's few efforts in the way of imaginative art, "The Fall of Phaethon," which hangs near, shows power of a rare kind. These works will help to re-establish the fame of a painter who for nearly half a century has held a much lower place in public estimation than he deserves. George Romney's half-length of "Mrs. H. Cooke" is full of refined beauty, and painted in his soundest style. Near it, and suffering much by the comparison, is a loosely-handled and rather ill-drawn portrait of a lady holding a casket between her fingers, by J. Hoppner. This is not, however, a good example of the work of an artist who excelled chiefly in male portraiture. Passing a luminous and forcibly-painted study by John Constable, for one of his numerous pictures of "Salisbury Cathedral," a conventionally-treated and rather painty "View near Rouen," by Bonington, and an excellent little "Landscape," attributed to Old Crome, but which looks more like the work of Cotman, we come to a life-sized group by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Ino and Bacchus." Many parts of this work are uninteresting, but the head of the infant Bacchus is full of vitality, and splendidly modelled. Despite the rival demand of the Grosvenor Gallery the Academy has secured an unusually large number of Sir Joshua's best works. None among them better deserves attention than the half-length portrait—one of several that he painted—of "Lady Sarah Bunbury." The head, which is distinguished by refined beauty, has, in an eminent degree, the charm of expression, and as



Soldiers' Wives on the March Before the Days of Railways



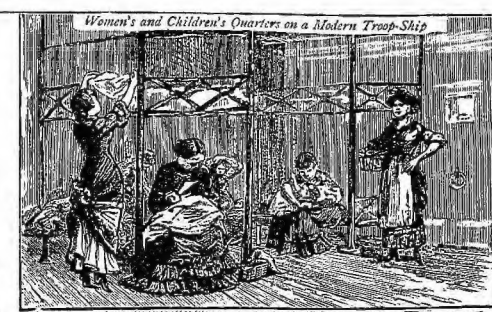
Quarters for Married Soldiers Going to India in the Old Days



A Soldier and His Family in a Corner of a Barrack-room in the Old Days



The Soldier's Wife: Old and New Style



Women's and Children's Quarters on a Modern Troop-Ship



A Recruit in the Wash House



A Married Soldier on the March in India



Married Life on Board a Modern Troop-Ship



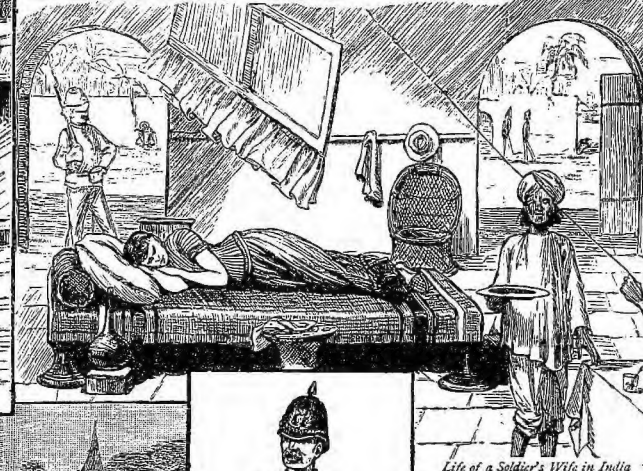
Drawing Rations



In Camp at Cove Common, Aldershot



Married Without Leave: Left Behind on the Departure of the Regiment



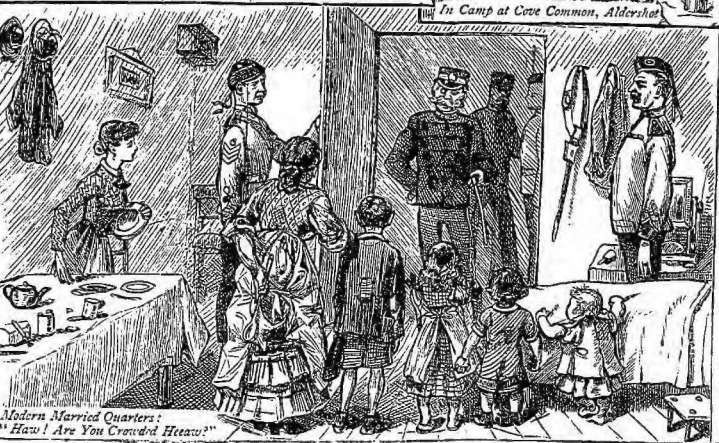
Life of a Soldier's Wife in India



Medical Inspection Before Embarking for Foreign Service



Dragging Her Husband out of the Canteen



Modern Married Quarters: "How! Are You Crowded Here?"



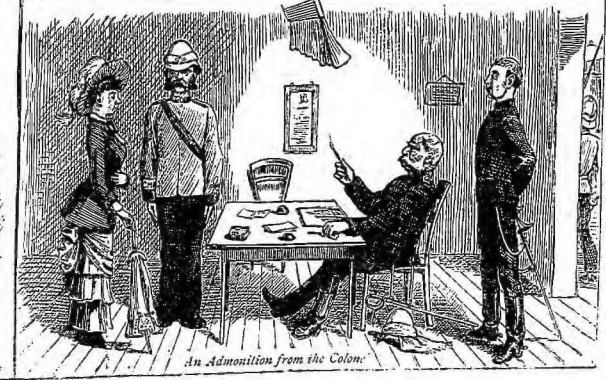
The Old Uniform



A Soldier's Funeral



The New Uniform



An Admonition from the Colonel

well as the rich white lace and the dark hood which enclose is painted with surprising mastery. We doubt whether Reynolds produced any work of the kind more tasteful in treatment than this, or more artistically complete. A rather interesting portrait is that of "George Canning" in a fancy dress of Charles the Second's time, painted soon after he left Oxford, by Gainsborough, with his usual facile skill. It is difficult, however, to trace any resemblance in the long and rather feeble-looking face here depicted to that of Canning as we know him to have appeared later in life. In a picture close to this, Sir Joshua has represented "Charles James Fox" as a young man, robust of form, and somewhat ungainly, with the strongly-marked features and humorous expression that subsequent portraits of the great Whig statesman have made familiar to us. Of two small portrait groups by Hogarth—both apparently early works—that called "A Breakfast Piece" seems to us the best, but both show his keen sense of character, and are painted with great skill and *finesse*.

By Johann Zoffany, whose technical method strongly resembles that of Hogarth, there is a large and very interesting picture representing the Trial Scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, with Macklin as Shylock. The characters being all attired in the costume of the latter part of the last century, the scene presents to modern eyes rather a ludicrous appearance, the more so as some of the actors in it are strangely unfitted by nature for the parts they assume. Accurate portraiture has been, however, the artist's purpose, and he has represented them as they appeared with the most unpromising fidelity, and with great artistic skill. Some parts of the picture are unfinished, but the heads lack nothing in the way of completeness. The lady who played Portia on the occasion was certainly not gifted with physical beauty, but her face is expressive, and modelled with rare ability. A letter example of Sir A. W. Callcott's work has not been seen on these walls than the large view of the "Pool of the Thames," with boats and many figures in the foreground, from the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection. In many ways, and especially in its pervading light, its sobriety of tone and excellent keeping, it recalls Cyp's mode of treating similar subjects, and would suffer little by comparison with any but the finest of that painter's works. By Turner there is a small picture of "Fishing Boats Entering Calais Harbour," full of movement, and splendidly painted; and a still smaller sea-coast view, glowing with warm evening light, in his best manner. Richard Wilson is represented by a spacious view of the "Lake of Nemi," exquisitely pure in tone, and some smaller works of scarcely less value; and there is an excellent little picture by Gainsborough, showing cows on a cliff, with boats below indistinctly seen through the pervading mist.

Of the Dutch pictures ranged in the Second Gallery, two by Rembrandt are beyond all comparison the most important. The three-quarter length "Portrait of a Lady," from the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection, together with glowing harmony of colour, depth of tone, and perfect keeping, has—what is somewhat rare in the painter's work—physical beauty to recommend it. The face of the fair lady is animated by a charming expression, and it is painted with combined delicacy and force. The painter's second work, though infinitely less attractive as regards subject than this, is quite as subtle in tone, and even more masterly in handling. It represents "A Young Man" with heavy common-place features and tawny hair surmounted by a red cap. As a piece of character-painting it could not be surpassed. A "Portrait of a Man-at-Arms," ascribed to Rembrandt, is a good work of its class, but it is impossible to recognise in it the handiwork of the great master. By Franz Hals, whose works are seldom seen in this country, there are two capital portraits lent by Earl Howe. That representing "A Young Man Playing a Guitar" seems to us the finer of the two, and is an excellent example of his style. The head is most life-like and animated, and every part of the picture is painted with a firm, free, and expressive touch that Velasquez, whose work it much resembles, could scarcely have excelled.

FOREIGN GAME BIRDS IN LONDON

THE country naturalist who is wont to pity the man of kindred tastes compelled to pass most of the year in London, might, with a little reflection, materially abate the warmth of his sympathy. Leaving museums and libraries out of the question, the city naturalist can seize a sunny day and go to the Zoological Gardens. It is impossible to come away from that fine collection of animals without having learnt something. A good deal that is interesting may be observed in the case of the birds which appear in the different parks. We have even known enthusiastic ornithologists find additions to their knowledge by watching birds in some of the squares. One of the most familiar modes of seeing birds and fish which are either totally unknown to or very rarely seen in our climate, is to keep a careful eye on the contents of the larger poulterers' and game-sellers' shops. Of course a few extreme rarities may be occasionally bought at such a shop by one who is on the spot at the proper time. But such bargains rejoice a man's heart as seldom as scarce Aldines delight him who loves to scan the cheap bookstalls. The bulk of the foreign game-birds sent to London, it will be found, belong to a few distinct species, and have come to dangle by its shop-fronts from far distant climes of snow. Many of them retain their winter plumage—

Tipped with jet
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they pressed;
Sables of glossy black; and dark-brown'd,
Or beauteous freaked with many a mingled hue.

They may be roughly divided into European and American birds. It is worth while saying a few words on each of these classes. The chief European game-birds to be found in the poulterers' shops are the capercaillie, black game, willow and hazel grouse. The two former exist in Scotland, the second also in the wilder districts of England; but the bulk which are exhibited in London during winter come from Norway and Russia. The capercaillie (*Tetrao urogallus*), after being extinct in Scotland for some seventy-five years, was re-introduced successfully in 1837 and 1838. The black game (*Tetrao tetrix*) is still abundant in suitable localities, but the large numbers required for the maw of London could only be procured by importation. The great "cock of the woods" and his little brother, the blackcock, as they hang by the poulterers' shops, always awake pleasant reminiscences of Scottish sport in the breasts of many who pass by, although they both came in all probability from Norwegian pine-forests. They are sufficiently well-known to be here dismissed after mentioning them. Both birds possess a wide range over the pine-covered northern regions of Scandinavia, Russia, and Siberia, the capercaillie extending even to Lake Baikal, and both are found in considerable numbers.

The willow grouse (*Lagopus albus*) is frequently mistaken by passers-by for our own ptarmigan as it hangs up in the London shops. This is another circumpolar bird inhabiting the region of birch and willow, where the sheltered valleys invite it to settle. Great numbers of this bird are annually sent to England. The common red grouse, which is peculiar to the British Isles, is believed by some ornithologists to be only an insular type of this more Northern willow grouse. The whole plumage of this bird, however, becomes white in winter, while the red grouse does not suffer such a change. Mr. Seebohm found the nest of a willow grouse in the Siberian tundra, and the female was sitting on nine eggs. The hazel grouse (*Bonasa betulina*) is another Continental bird, which is frequently seen in the London shops. Epicures esteem its flesh superior to that of any other game. It inhabits the pine-forests of Arctic and North Tempe-

rate Europe. The same ornithologist also found its nest in Siberia. It contained eight eggs, and was made of leaves, dry grass, and a few feathers. This bird is a tree-frequenting grouse. The traveller in Russia often sees all these varieties of grouse in a frozen state in the markets. Mr. Landells tells us of one merchant sending 10,000 different grouse to the St. Petersburg market. He sold them, capercaillie included, at sevenpence a brace all round. We have often seen willow grouse in the Hull poulterers' shops.

Turning to American birds, it may be noted that, besides the rarer ducks, the excellent canvas-backed duck is easily sent to us across the Atlantic in ice. It may not unfrequently be seen in the Liverpool poulterers' shops. Its delicate flavour is mainly due to a kind of wild celery on which it loves to feed. The chief American game-birds which are here utilised by poulterers are the Canada grouse (*Tetrao Canadensis*) and the prairie fowl. The former is a small but beautiful species, common north of the United States all over North America, and specially abundant near the Columbia River. It is seen in London during March, may be known by the white spot near the end of the throat feathers, and by its well-feathered leg terminating in broadly margined and pectinated toes. Audubon gives a capital account of this bird's habits, from which it appears that these broad, comb-like fringes to the bird's toes must greatly aid it in walking on the treacherous bogs and mosses which it loves to frequent amidst the thick forests.

The heath hen or prairie hen is a larger bird than the last, and the plumage of its under parts is marked with large transverse bands of grayish brown and pale yellowish gray. It abounds on all the Western prairies, and extends very high up the Missouri and neighbouring districts. Its feet exhibit a similar pectinate margin, and it is fond of feeding on the berries of the swamps.

The wild duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray;

so sings Thomson of our own black game, but the American heath hen is really the pinnated grouse of naturalists (*Tetrao cupido*). This bird, however, has precisely the same habits of drooping and fluttering her wings in order to divert a passer-by from her little brood. The eggs are generally ten or twelve in number. All the grouse family possess legs more or less feathered, and most of them show that peculiar scarlet membrane by the eyes which is seen so well in our own grouse and ptarmigan.

On the other game birds most commonly seen in the metropolis we need not dwell, as they are for the most part identical with our own species. The quail, which comes to London in such quantities, packed in cages only just admitting of the bird's standing upright, must be familiar to every haunter of the game shops. It, too, occurs year by year, in greater or less quantities, in various districts of Great Britain, and has even been known to breed in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. It is difficult to arrive at any exact computation of the number of heads of game which are imported and sold in our great cities. Year by year, however, the supply of wild fowl falls off; the winters not being severe enough, as a general rule, of late to cause them to draw near man, and make trial of the decoy or murderous punt-gun. Enough, however, has been said to point out the attractions of the game-shops to naturalists. London, like ancient Rome under the Emperors, attracts to it all the luxuries and dainties of the world; though the poulterers' shops may not exhibit the same number of frozen game-birds which are brought to the St. Petersburg markets. There may be seen, in close contiguity to stalls filled up with stacks of frozen fish, heaps of capercaillie, black, hazel, and willow grouse, hares also in stacks, and baskets-full of small birds, which with the Russians as well as the French form legitimate objects of *la chasse*. These hints on the common sights of our poulterers' shops may perhaps bring home to some lovers of birds the old story of "Eyes and No Eyes." Many a curious bird and fish may be seen in the shops of London, if a man will only look out for them. Indeed, the Cockney is far better off in this respect (to end as we began) than the dweller in an ordinary country parish. Day by day birds and fish are brought before the former's attention which the countryman only sees at times, and frequently not at all.

M. G. W.



MESSRS. AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.—A duet for tenor and bass is "The Battle Eve," written and composed by G. W. Southey and Theo Bonheur; it is clever, but somewhat too lengthy. By the same *collaborateurs* is a stirring sea song, "Our Mate," which will take well at a popular concert; the compass is from C below the lines to the middle C.—One of the daintiest little piano-forte pieces that we have come across for some time past is "Titania," a *danse de ballet*, by Caroline Lowthian; it will deservedly be one of the favourite pieces of the season, easily learnt, but not soon forgotten.—"Danse Antique," for the pianoforte, by Jacques Greebe, is well known to and liked by the frequenters of Brighton, and other fashionable seaside places, where it was played by military and civilian bands during the past autumn season.—The "Daphne Gavotte," for the pianoforte, by E. J. Sturges, is a very good specimen of its school, and may lay claim to some originality.—The same may be said of "Clarine," by Karl Kaps; it will take front rank amongst its numerous kindred which are indigenous to Christmastide.

MESSRS. SPRAGUE AND CO.—Very pathetic words by Finlay Finlayson, Esq., set to music of more than ordinary merit by P. von Tugginer, are united in "Alone," for a baritone; it has the advantage of being published in one key only.—Of the same refined type, for a tenor, is "My Heart Will Ever Turn To Thee," written and composed by Alois Volkmer.—In olden times bravery ranked higher than riches where a knight or chieftain was in the question; this is not often the case in the nineteenth century. "The Plain Gold Ring" is a poem by Moncrieff, telling of a noble lady rewarding the doughty deeds of a gallant knight at a tourney by asking him to give her a plain gold ring, a request which could but have one meaning. The music, by F. A. W. Docker, is simple and melodious, well worthy the attention of a baritone.—Three very good specimens of dance music are "L'Almée," a *suite de valses*, by P. von Tugginer; the frontispiece is very quaint.—Still more comical are the demoniacal figures which form the title to "Mischief," a new waltz, by Charles Davison.—A coquettish young damsel attired as a cook, and holding a stew-pan in a most dangerous position, forms the attractive title-page for the "Cordon Bleu Polka," by John Cook; it is very tuneful and danceable.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Two short and cleverly-written pieces for the pianoforte, by R. W. Oberhoffer, entitled "At Home," are respectively, No. 1, "Gelächter" (Laughter); No. 2, "Spieldose" (Musical Box), they will prove useful study for the schoolroom (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—A bright and cheerful little drawing-room piano-forte piece is "Our Christmas Roses," by R. S. Francis (Messrs. W. Marshall and Co.).—A very pleasing and melodious waltz, "My Prince," by Barbara Child, should find a place in all dance portfolios (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).—The best of all the contents of our waltz budget is "The Faithful Heart Valse," by

A. Morris Edwards; there is a flowing melody throughout it which pleases the ear, and is well calculated to tempt the most idle to "try a few turns" (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).



THE NEW YEAR has begun propitiously for the farmer. The plough has been busy in many counties, and farmers have now completed their winter sowing for the most part. The mild air, yet without much rain, has been most welcome in those places where lambing has already begun, and its continuance will rob the lambing season of half its dangers. Cattle, where they have escaped the disease, are generally in good condition and doing well, and the losses in the mountain districts have thus far been much beneath the usual winter average. Poultry have already recommenced laying, and the appearances at present are of an early and fortunate season.

CATTLE FEEDING.—In almost every branch of farming the experience of the last decade has been in favour of mixed diet for live stock, from the horse and the ox down to the poultry and pigeons. Cattle have undoubtedly benefited largely by the perfection to which the cultivation of roots has been brought. After corn which, with its abundance of heating carbon, makes the system feverish, the cooling and sedative effect of roots must be most grateful to the animal, while the succulent and fragrant foods of grass in summer and ensilage in winter make up a dietetic round on which stock should, indeed, live and thrive. Linseed and cottonseed cake can always be added where special fattening is required, and lately these valuable articles have been a cheap and profitable purchase.

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL HOLDINGS ACT came into force on January 1st, and adds conspicuously to the monstrous fiction that every Englishman knows every English law. It is most unfortunate that the accurate comprehension of Acts as abstruse, recondite, and lumbering as any in the whole Statute Book should be rendered a *sine quâ non* to the proper conduct of a farm and to the business of a farmer, which always has been, and probably always will be, the one in which simple-minded, practical, and unlearned men can find their best chance of making the most of their gifts of industry, care, and hard work. The farmer's terror already is his accounts, which the new Act will further complicate. Farmers would be justified in turning to the Legislature, saying, "We cannot stay your mania for new measures; from agriculture no more than from twenty other things can you be induced to withhold a meddling hand. Your place apparently is to govern, ours to be governed, yet if you will pass Acts which might have puzzled an Eldon, and all for accounts which would have perplexed a Babbage, at least you cannot refuse us this natural request, that in future every farmer should be entitled, on paying his income-tax, to not less than one qualified lawyer and one chartered accountant at the expense of the State." The essential evil of the new Act is that there is no escaping it, however it may clash with particular and satisfactory arrangements. Landlords and tenants are no longer allowed to make their own contracts, decide their own terms, or draw up their own deeds; so that we seem rapidly approaching the position of certain countries where the State steps in and regulates a man's actions, even as far as making his will for him!

SPARROWS.—Mr. W. T. Greene, the well-known zoologist, finds a word or two to say in favour of the sparrow, for whose extermination the farmers in more than one county have recently banded themselves together. After showing how many insects sparrows eat, Mr. Greene says:—"With all his faults we should miss him sadly were some fatality to erase him from the list of English birds. He pecks our fruit and helps himself to our peas, it is true; he destroys our crucifers, and when we sow grass-seed on our lawns he eats the greater part of what we have sown. He is dirty and disreputable in appearance, except when just newly moulted, noisy and quarrelsome at all times, but especially during the breeding season, yet with all his faults we should miss him. He has his good points, and I do not think we can accuse him of 'stealing,' for he has no knowledge of 'property.' How then can he 'steal'?"

JACOBSINS.—What is a Jacobin? The Jacobin Club appears to say that it is a pigeon which, over and beyond certain admitted marks, possesses a hog-mane and rose. Some years ago we kept Jacobins which certainly did not have these characteristics, yet we had them from a good source, and they were much admired as the true and now rare Jacobin breed. The difference was a little surprising, but, having no special "fancy" knowledge, we believed the fault to be with our birds. Now, however, we find no less an authority than Mr. Harrison Weir writing, "I consider the true Jacobins the breed without the hog-mane and the rose. We have kept these birds, we have shown these birds, we have won with these birds, and we have admired, nay, we have loved, these birds, and we will not forsake our old loves, at least not I, for one." This certainly seems a curious divergency of news. What should we say to a dispute among dog lovers as to whether a true pointer had a straight or a curly tail? Are there no pictures of Jacobins fifty years ago?

FOWLS.—A correspondent sends us her "record" of the poultry yard for 1883. The number of eggs laid by twenty-seven birds has been 4,048, the three best months being April, May, and July, and the three worst December, November, and October, in order named. The birds were Minorcas, and the food has been barley, buck-wheat, and maize, a very good mixture, whereas in this case the fowls have a good grass run. Our correspondent clears out all hens at the end of the year to make room for pullets, and on six years' experience has found that plan the most profitable. She prefers Minorcas to any other breed, but after Minorcas Leghorns and Hamburgs.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A very interesting mixed family is being brought up at Leven, in Fife, where a cat is nursing four rabbits along with two kittens, showing equal affection for her true and false progeny.—Starlings do not often breed in January, and the fact of their doing so this year as mentioned by Mr. Coulson from his own noting at Blenkinsopp Castle, Northumberland, is worthy of mention.—We hear from the Lake District that this winter the plovers have largely forsaken the lower marshy ground for the higher and drier land, an abnormal action, for which a reason does not immediately appear.—An Edinburgh correspondent records a curious case of crows losing themselves in a fog on New Year's Eve, and roosting in High Wood, Longton, instead of their usual resort in Dalkeith Park.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The upset of the Lochinvar coach at the edge of Loch Assynt, last week, might have been a very serious matter indeed. As it was, only one passenger sustained serious injury, and he is now doing well. The cause of the accident was a horse stumbling at the very moment of turning a sharp bend.—Ulverston Horse Fair was attended by a great crowd of buyers, but so high were the prices asked that very little business was done.—The average price of English wheat is now 39s., barley, 31s. 7d., and oats, 19s. 1d. The average price of English wheat for the year 1883 was 41s. 8d., the lowest for twenty years.—A number of sheep have been poisoned at Woodhill, near Womersley, Surrey, from their having browsed on some rhododendron leaves.

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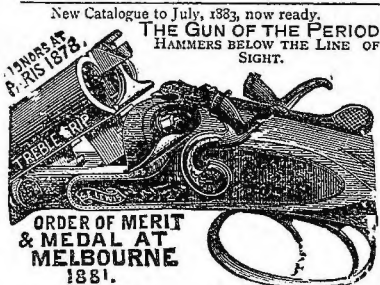
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that persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of Cholera or Fever, who, in fact, live in the midst of it, escape unscathed. Cholera and Fever may be compared
to a weed (and a very ugly one too); but even weeds will not grow on solid flagstones; and what I contend for is this, that a person may be subjected to the influence of the specific poison—that is,
the germ of Cholera or Fever—and not contract the disease. Why? Because his secretions were in a thoroughly normal condition, and consequently the poison could not take root any more than a
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Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London."

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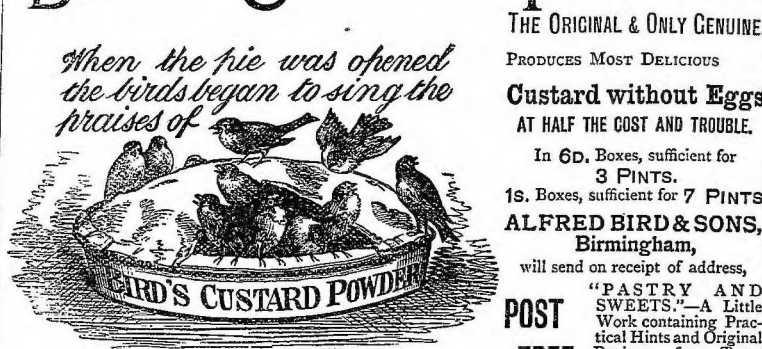
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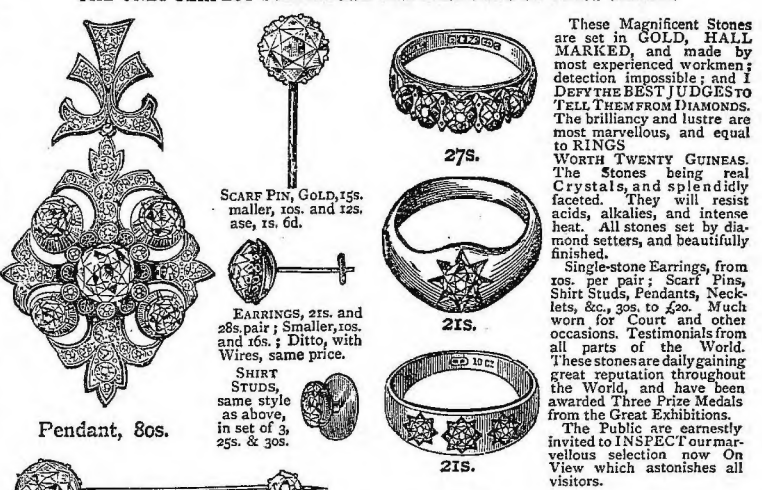
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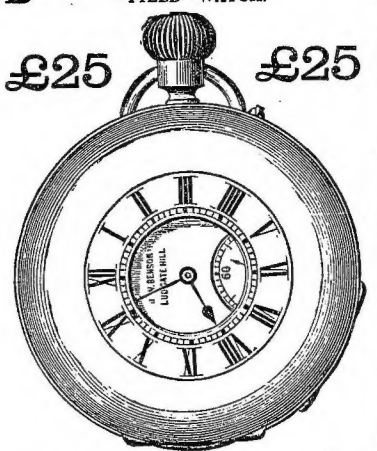
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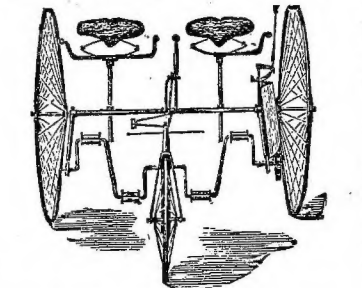
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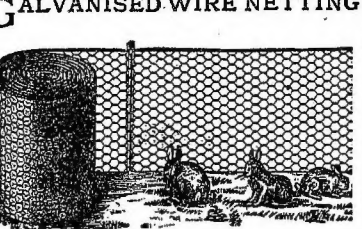
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GLYKALINE effectually relieves Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus, and relieves the breathing. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented remedy in these complaints.

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THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, For Curing and Instantly relieving Toothache, Neuralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

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For Liver Derangement, Indigestion, and Constipation. A new and valuable remedy for removing Headache, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. It promotes healthy action in the stomach, removes biliousness and depression, with a feeling of giddiness and prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Aching in the loins and kidneys; while in Indigestion and Constipation it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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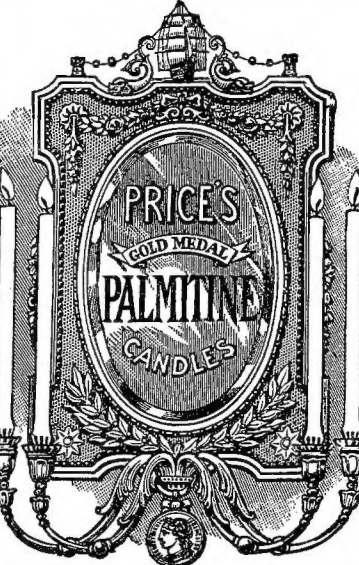
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